

# GOLDEN GATE

A JOURNAL OF PRACTICAL REFORM, DEVOTED TO THE ELEVATION OF HUMANITY IN THIS LIFE, AND A SEARCH FOR THE EVIDENCES OF LIFE BEYOND.

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## GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Live down calumny; the best reply to slanderous reports is a good life.

The wise man is the man who knows what to do when the time comes.

Some people are so sensitive that they seem to have corns all over them.

The happiest life is that which constantly exercises and educates what is best in us.

Be what thou art; personate only thyself; swim always in the stream of thine own nature.

By suffering we may avoid sinning; but by sinning we can not avoid suffering. True enough.

The simple believeth every word; but the prudent man looketh well to his going.—*Proverbs xv.*

The education of life perfects the thinking mind, but depraves the frivolous.—*Madame de Staël.*

He who well and rightly considers his own doing is not likely to judge hardly concerning another.

Religion is to be felt, not defined. We can not judge the means nor the ends of the Almighty.—*Balzac.*

True charity is wise, giving when necessity demands—encouraging until the unfortunate can stand alone.

My business is not to re-make myself, but make the absolute best of what God made.—*Robert Browning.*

Faith is to believe what we do not see, and the reward of this faith is to see what we believe.—*St. Augustine.*

The louder the whine of complaint, the less need for sympathy. Intense emotions never express themselves in noise.

Man, it is not thy works which are mortal, infinitely little, and the greatest no greater than the least, but only the spirit thou workest in, that can have worth or continuance.—*Carlyle.*

We shall do well to remember, with Carlyle, that the best of all Reform Bills is that which each citizen passes in his own breast, where it is pretty sure to meet with strenuous opposition.—*Augustine Birrell.*

Get health; no labor, pains, temperance, poverty, nor exercise that can gain it must be grudged. For sickness is a cannibal which eats up all the life and youth it can lay hold of, and absorb its own sons and daughters.—*Emerson.*

The initiation of all wise and noble things comes, and must come, from individuals; generally, at first from some individual. The honor and glory of the average man is that he is capable of following that initiation; that he can respond internally to wise and noble things, and he can be led to them with his eyes open.—*Mills Liberty.*

## A STORY OF REAL LIFE—ABSOLUTELY TRUE.

Truth is Sometimes Apparently More Improbable than Fiction.

Joseph, Cecilia and Marie were the only children of Joseph and Cecilia Stanley, and resided with their parents, in a lovely vine-covered cottage, in the village of Columbia, on the banks of the Susquehanna river.

Mr. Stanley was the owner of two large farms, from which he drew a revenue that enabled him to live in comfort, and to extend a helping hand to all who crossed his path who were struggling or unfortunate. The family were members of the Roman Catholic Church, and were, for their strict integrity and unostentatious charity, universally loved and respected by all who had the good fortune to know them.

Marie, the youngest, was beautiful in form and feature, with an expression of such heavenly, saintly sweetness, that it impressed one with the idea that she did not belong to this planet; but was some ethereal, angelic creature that had been wafted to us from some far-off, pure and holy clime. From her early childhood the words of wisdom that frequently fell from her infantile lips, were the words of the whole surrounding country. She spent her entire time in visiting the sick and afflicted; in studying works of a religious nature; in attending to the duties of her church, and in teaching a Sunday-school class in the village chapel.

A week previous to her eighteenth birthday she appeared to be enveloped in a joyful cheerfulness that no one seemed to comprehend. On her birthday, which fell on Sunday, she went as usual to teach her class, and her associate teachers noticed at once her exceedingly bright and happy look, and thoughts he had received some valuable birthday present, or heard some very agreeable news. At the close of the school she kissed each child good-bye, something she had never done before, and then requested the teachers to wait a few moments that she wished to say good-bye to them, as that would be her last day with them. They asked why she was going to leave the school? She, with a light of spiritual joy in her heavenly blue eyes that no mortal pen could describe, said: "Within five days my spirit will go to dwell with God and His angels; on next Sunday you will follow my body to the grave."

The teachers, although greatly awed by her manner and speech, did all in their power to divert her mind from the evil foreboding, but without effect. She assured them that whilst she was praying alone in the chapel an angel came, in flowing, white robes, and delivered the glad tidings to her.

On the following Wednesday afternoon Marie was suddenly taken with a chill, which became so severe that the family physician was sent for; she continued to grow rapidly worse, and at midnight was pronounced in a dangerous condition. Two other doctors were summoned, and despite all their skill, the next day at 12 o'clock Marie was a corpse, and on Sunday her body was borne to the grave, followed by her weeping Sunday-school class, whom she had so affectionately kissed good-bye, and the teachers who were sorely amazed at the result of her warning. For fear of causing her mother any unnecessary uneasiness, Marie did not inform any of her family of her strange premonition. But after her funeral the teachers, to whom she had communicated the facts, told of it, and at every fireside for miles around it was discussed and commented upon for many months after Marie was peacefully at rest in her grave.

About five months after Marie's death, Mr. Stanley had occasion to employ a large number of men to dig ditches and build bridges on his lands, and until the work was completed, he found it necessary to superintend the men himself. As the village was twenty miles from the farm, he would remain during the week on the farm; but no matter how busy he might be, he always managed to be home on Sunday, to attend church with his family; and he either drove home on Saturday afternoon or early Sunday morning.

On the first Saturday of August Mrs.

Stanley waited tea until 7 o'clock for her husband, and as he did not come, the family, although disappointed at his absence, sat down and enjoyed the evening repast, without harboring the least feeling of doubt but that they would partake of the family breakfast next morning with the absent husband and father.

The family retired earlier than usual, and before 10 o'clock all were soundly asleep. At twenty minutes past eleven a loud, piercing shriek from Mrs. Stanley broke the stillness of the night, and brought Joseph and Cecilia, almost instantly, to her side, when she wildly exclaimed: "Father is dead. Marie came in the form of an angel, woke me from my sleep, and told me so."

The children supposed their mother had been dreaming, and was probably suffering from night-mare; but she so emphatically asserted that she had seen Marie, and received the message from her, that Joseph and Cecilia grew seriously alarmed, and it was decided that Joseph should immediately saddle a horse, and ride over to the farm to see that his father was all right. Mrs. Stanley and Cecilia would have accompanied him, but the nervous excitement had so prostrated Mrs. Stanley that she was not able to rise from her bed, so Cecilia took care of her mother, while Joseph went in search of his father.

When Joseph arrived at the farm house, he found all quiet and still, without any signs of life about the premises, save the big watch dog, who came to receive him, and, strange to say, did not bark or make the slightest noise at his approach. The peaceful serenity that prevailed in every direction entirely allayed all Joseph's apprehensions; and he hesitated some time before he could make up his mind to disturb the quietness of the place, in order to gain an entrance to the house. At last he aroused the foreman and his wife, and was petrified with astonishment when told, by them, that his father left the farm about 10 o'clock to drive to his home; that as it was a beautiful, cool, moonlight night, he thought the drive would be more pleasant than in the morning sun. As there were three roads from the village to the farm, and as Joseph had left home before his father had time to arrive there, the foreman and his wife could see no reason why he should be alarmed for the safety of his father; and thought it very nonsensical in him. He, however, insisted on five of the men getting up, and that two of them take each road and ride to the village.

Joseph and John Kelley took the middle road, and just as they were mid-way between the farm and the village, John's horse shied at something, off the road, in the shade of a large oak tree. John called Joseph's attention to it; they both dismounted, and within six feet of the road they found the cold, lifeless body of Mr. Stanley. They carried him to the nearest house, which was a roadside inn, a half a mile distant; then John flew, rather than rode, for the nearest physician, who, on close examination, pronounced that life had been extinct for three or four hours. As nothing further could be done, Joseph rode home to convey the sad tidings to his mother and sister.

The next morning Mr. Stanley's body was conveyed to his home, and his funeral took place on the following Wednesday.

Upon investigation it was found that Mr. Stanley had been, from some unknown cause, thrown from his buggy, and the post mortem investigation showed that death was instantaneous, and resulted from rupture of the head, caused by concussion in the fall.

It was fully two years before Mrs. Stanley recovered entirely from the shock. She then sold the farm and invested the money in United States bonds. Joseph opened a law office, and had all the practice he could attend to from the villagers and the farmers of the surrounding counties.

Peace and content again reigned in the home of Mrs. Stanley and her children, until the first day of August, four years after Mr. Stanley's death, when Mrs. Stanley said to Joseph and Cecilia, in a calm, collected manner, "Children, I am going to leave you. Marie came to me last night and said, 'Mother get ready; you will, before the end of this month, follow father and me, to dwell forever with God and His angels.'"

Joseph and Cecilia watched their mother very closely, and as two-thirds of

the month had passed without Mrs. Stanley's showing any symptoms of approaching illness or depression of spirits, they tried to think that the warning was only a freak of their mother's imagination; but in this hope they were permitted only a short time to indulge. On the 22d of the month, Mrs. Stanley was standing on a chair, arranging some old family China, on the top shelf of a closet, when her foot slipped, and she fell, striking her head with great force against the massive foot of the dining-room table. She was picked up insensible; congestion of the brain followed; and in three days she breathed her last.

Cecilia was devotedly attached to her mother, and her heart-rending, mute grief was sad beyond description. The great healer, Time, seemed powerless to lighten the heavy cloud of gloom that enshrouded her, and had so seriously impaired her health, that her physician ordered a change of climate.

As Joseph owned a large tract of land in Missouri, that was rapidly advancing in value and required his personal attention, he concluded to dispose of all his interests in the village, and take up his permanent residence in that State. Accordingly, four years after Mrs. Stanley's death, Joseph and Cecilia settled in Chillicothe, a small town in the northern part of the State. Their home was a one-story cottage, containing five rooms. Cecilia's sleeping chamber opened off the parlor and fronted on the street.

Three months after their arrival in the town, Joseph went with a party of engineers thirty miles away, to survey some land, and a few hours after his departure the cook and maid-of-all-work was summoned to the bedside of her mother, who was very ill. Cecilia was now alone in the house. Being sleepy and tired, and knowing that her brother could not return before midnight, she said her prayers, and retired about 8 o'clock. From some unaccountable reason, sleep refused to visit her. She calmly lay thinking over all the important events of her life, when all of a sudden, without any apparent cause, she was seized with a feeling of horrible fear, and, as a protection to herself, did exactly the opposite of what would seem natural under the circumstances—opened, by the side of her bed, the street window, and placed a stick under it so as to keep it open. She did not know why she had opened it; she only knew that she was afraid to stay in the room, and equally afraid to make any move to leave it.

The horrible sound of a something large and heavy suddenly falling on the parlor floor, decided her, and she instantly leaped out of the window, into the dark and lonely street, in her bare feet and white nightdress. Fearing to cross the street to the opposite house, she swiftly ran around the side of the house, and took shelter in a doorless stable, in the corner of which she crouched for fully one hour and a half, when a couple of cows came in and routed her out.

She then, by a circuitous route, made her way to the back door of Mr. Patterson's, their nearest neighbor's house, and succeeded in quickly arousing Mrs. Patterson, who, on looking out of her upstairs window, and seeing the white-robed figure on their stoop, knocking at the door, gave a terrible shriek, that brought her husband in a second to her rescue.

He at once recognized Cecilia's voice beseeching them to open the door and let her in, which they hastily did. She breathlessly told them something dreadful had happened at her house, and that they must return with her to see what it was. Mr. Patterson insisted on going alone, but just as he stepped out of his door, he saw Joseph riding up to the house. After telling him what had occurred, they entered together, and had only crossed the threshold, when they saw extended across the floor the apparently lifeless body of Henry James, with a drawn razor clutched in his right hand, and an empty laudanum bottle by his side.

Medical skill was called in, and discovered that he was not dead, but in a comatose state that strongly resembled death. All known antidotes and appliances were used, and, after several hours of rigid medical treatment, he came to and regained his senses, but still his life was despaired of; and, feeling the chill of death upon him, he confessed that he had fallen hopelessly in love with Cecilia, and wished to make her his wife. Three times she had rejected his offer. Exist-

ence without her became unbearable to him, and he determined to die with her, rather than to live without her; that he, knowing she was alone, had procured a key to the back door, entered in his stocking feet, drank the laudanum, and then proceeded with the drawn razor to her room, with the intention of cutting her throat; when, just as he was about to open the door, a woman appeared in flowing white robes, with her back against the door, and with one wave of her hand pushed him back, and so appalled him that he became unconscious and fell upon the floor. His description of the apparition was exactly that of Marie.

After a long and painful illness, during which he was thought twice to be dying, he finally recovered, and left the State, settling in the southern part of Texas. Many years have since passed away. The inexorable hand of time has streaked Cecilia's raven tresses with silver threads, and marked Joseph's strong features with the inevitable lines of age, and still they continue to have a certain premonition of every impending misfortune. They know it always comes from Marie, their ever watchful guardian angel.

Written for the Golden Gate.]

## Why Do Spiritualists Mourn.

BY JOHN B. WOLFF.

We mourn because we are selfish. We do not mourn for what the departed has lost or suffers, but what we have lost and suffer. It is the aching void within; the empty chair at the table and fireside; the sense of personal loss which makes us mourn. They are gone; we shall not see them again; we shall no more listen to their kindly sympathizing voices; we miss them; there is a vacancy which can not be filled. We mourn often when we know or think that death is a great boon; that the departed is relieved and happy; yea, when we know that our grief is their only pain; that those tears are pains to them.

I am not sure that there is any such thing as unselfish love or benevolence. We love because loving is a pleasure; we give because giving is a pleasure, or withholding would be painful. We progress by compulsion—not by volition. We mourn because we have lost and suffer. It is the self within that moves us all the time. Even the mother's love, the purest, the best, hath this taint.

We love that which is lovely to us by our own law of being; we hate and are repelled by that same law. We are attracted by something which reflects upon ourselves in pleasure; harmonizes with our nature.

Love and hate are not voluntary, but compelled. A bright departed woman said: "The love I can not compel is not mine; it belongs to another." There is no such thing as Free Love. Love is a slave of law; it is in the nature of things. There may be "Free Lust," unbridled license, passion gone mad; but why? Whose fault? Where the responsibility? The victims often are utterly unable to control themselves; they are born so. The "Free Lust" is also a misnomer.

Excess of passion, like crime, comes of abnormal conditions, unbalanced brains and bodies; and these again of bad culture. It may run back generations.

The living and not the departed most need our tears. These we have always with us, and they mostly need not tears, but words of comfort and help. We shall get rid of selfish love, if at all, when we sink self in the Universal, when we realize and live the doctrine that we owe more to all than we can to any one, no matter how closely related. This makes martyrs, patriots, heroes, saviors; and yet when we reach this altitude our own highest good, joy, progress, are all in it as the compensation for all we do and suffer.

J. B. WOLFF.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Most men call fretting a minor fault—a foible and not a vice. But there is no vice, except it be drunkenness, which can so utterly destroy the peace and happiness of a home.

One of the most effectual ways of pleasing and of making one's self beloved is to be cheerful. Joy softens more hearts than tears.



The Irrepressible Conflict.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Will you kindly pass me, through your GOLDEN GATE, to audience with your valiant workers for the truth of life? The subject was suggested by the article of J. B. Wolff. What I have to say will be mostly in an interrogative way.

The first query is, Are the American people capable of distinguishing the difference between the principles of liberty and the principles of slavery? Is there any class, clique, sect, or name, who are free from psychologic bias to learn the intuitive science of life?

Intuitively, all men are on the side of liberty, but educationally they are on the side of slavery. Conservatism holds on to all old ritualisms, no matter how absurd and slavish, until man reaches his extremity of endurance. Then only will he revolutionize. What is the truth, the Christ of life, crucified from the foundation of the world?

Who dare learn in the science of intuitive life? What is the irrepressible conflict between? What is the *divine velle* of life? Why is it hated? What hates the truth? What did the slave-holding interest hate? What do the political parties hate? What does the money-lending monopoly hate? What do the income classes hate? What do robbers and thieves hate? Dark principles hate the light!

Who dares answer these questions honestly to himself through his own intuition, without logic?

Which is the strongest in the human mind to-day—educational bias or intuitive love of truth? To be spiritually minded is life, and peace, and health!

What is the science of civilization? Mr. Owen's audience, allow me to answer this one question. It is the science of systematic and orderly deception, enforced by violence.

What is the basis of civilization? Please allow me to answer again, that the supreme idol, the gold god, had recompense for all labor, use, or community value whatsoever, protected by law and worshiped by idolatrous selfishness. Gold is the supreme God of the earth, that originates the uncivil power of the earth. It is at once the supreme liar and arch deceiver; father and mother of total depravity and falsehood in all forms.

How does this idol and idle demon rob the people of rights, of liberty, of happiness, of all normal growth? Again let us speak. Tithes, taxes, rents, usury, profits, speculation—all tribute to this demon.

Now we ask our spiritually minded friends how truth can thrive with the conservatism of all hell to fight? Total depravity is the money-lender's club, with which to slay Christ. Heaven is the sugar-plum for cowards; hell the scare-crow for skeptics. The irrepressible conflict is here. The platform of truth will be formulated, upon which all slaves and dupes can express an opinion. The light must dawn that will divide the darkness from the light of the mind. The darkness of the mind is educational bias; the light of the mind is intuitive light. The learning of men is the darkness of materialism. Why men stumble mentally is because they have but one kind of sight. Spirit sight rivals the hidden things of the natural sight. Soul sight sees to ultimates—sees the truth as it is.

The money power dominates all other powers of the earth. Man, through law, created money out of nothing. A false pretense of commodity value has kept the idol before crude men until insanity has darkened the great sea of human intelligence. The tribute paid to gold would rob God of the universe, as it has robbed man of his liberty, life, and happiness for thousands of years. Gold is the demon of darkness and of materialistic power, that intuitive science is in conflict with, and the progressive American people will find it impossible to cope with this money demon.

J. K. MOORE.

SAN JOSE, July 18, 1888.

Waiting for the Waters to Move.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

I was talking with a man this morning on the subject of Spiritualism. He was a member of the Methodist Church. I found that he was a Spiritualist to all intents and purposes. He was well acquainted with the phenomena, and had been for years. In fact, members of his own family were mediums.

When I asked him why he did not come out and acknowledge the truth, and let the world know how he stood, he told me the time had not come yet for him to act; that he was waiting for the waters to move, so to speak. He said he knew a great many members of his own church that held to the same views that he did; that he believed that every true Christian must of necessity be a Spiritualist, whether they confessed it or not. He seemed to think that the churches would soon wake up to these things, and conform themselves to the principles of the harmonious philosophy; and he quoted many passages from the New Testament to prove his assertions. Among them were the words of Christ: "He that believeth on me shall never die." "The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life."

He finally admitted that his wife was a medium, and that he believed that she

soon would speak under spirit control; and that, for his part, he did not care how soon it came about. Is it true that the church organizations are coming over to the help of the Lord against the mighty? Let them come, while the lamp holds out to burn, etc.

C. A. REED.

PORTLAND, Or., June 29, 1888.

Spirit Message.

We believe as scientists of the land of souls, that the world has existed much longer than we thought might be the age when we lived in mortal form.

Great discoveries have been made in the last half century with you; but with investigators in the spheres a broader, a more comprehensive field of observation opens before these searchers after truth.

Each science has its votaries, and the steps to be taken by them to arrive at truth are similar, yet quite dissimilar to the modes of earth. We go out to nature with faculty much vivified and broadened, and with facility for observation and study on a vastly grander scale.

That the Maker made earth and heaven in six days, and rested from His labors on the seventh, your geologists have proved to be quite aside of the truth.

In these realms we are taught that myriads of orbs had life, mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms, long, long ere the atomic earth sprang off from the larger orb, compared to which it is an inconsiderable atom. Our earth is too small to be accounted but a dot in the illimitable universe of worlds. When the inhabitants of our orb learn to reason correctly on the multitude of gems which stud the dome of heaven, through a more comprehensive outlook over the vastness of their number and size, diurnal and annual motions, they will cease to make prominent the earth as the lone star, the enchanting star, the divine and only star to attract to its surface the architect of all nature, and to give account of his creation of "the heaven and the earth."

The day has dawned when light is being shed abroad among men more liberally than in ages past. God is being revealed in quite a new light, and His attributes better known.

Heaven sparkles with wisdom which is being sown over the surface of the earth, and men everywhere are sipping at the fount of light. God is light and knowledge, and His handiwork knows no limit; His abiding place no bounds. God is all, in all, and all is His. How happy are the denizens of the brighter world that this better dawn is now upon the earth.

Traditional faith among men has ever shackled the limb of science. Galling chains upon the feet, bracelet not of gold to chafe the hand, and an edict upon the head, of torture, of him who promulgated a radical truth. Yours with great affection and many thanks.

ROBERT HARE.

FEBRUARY 7, 1888.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Splints.

BY ELLA L. MERRIAM.

True love is the unailing key to the stoutest, deepest, and hardest heart.

Charity for the imperfections and misdeeds of others is the "bond of perfectness" we should all desire, appreciate and cultivate.

Hope that inspires, stimulates, and brightens the minds of mortal is a reflection from those celestial realms of golden fruition.

O ye heavy-hearted, mind-clouded and depressed spirits! hearest thou not the joyous songs of the little birds filling the air with their sweetest melodies? And hast thou not reason and intellect while they only possess instinct? How much more abundant and exalted should be thy happiness than theirs! Be wise!

We are all fellow-gleaners in the inexhaustible fields of immortality. Let this mutual occupation and destiny unite our hearts in one indissoluble chord of sympathy and fraternal love.

Could we enjoy the highest heaven, bereft of our nearest and dearest ones? Nay, but I fancy the lowest hell would become a heaven while in closest proximity and unbroken communion with them.

What influence more softening, refining, purifying, so calculated to render its inmates a blessing to all with whom they may mingle, than a home, where true affection, purified from the dross of selfish desires and deeds, pervades and reigns.

The realities of life exist largely in the imagination, and so by its cultivation and training we can make our existence pretty much as we choose.

310 Temple street, Los Angeles.

MAGISTRATE:—"It's ten dollars or thirty days, Uncle Rastus. You can take your choice."

UNCLE RASTUS (after some contemplation):—"Well, yo' kin gim me de money, sah."—Harper's Weekly.

Letter from Mrs. Reynolds.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Inasmuch as I have, for the past month, been the object of much unjust comment by a certain class of people calling themselves Spiritualists, I beg your forbearance for a very few moments, and for what little I may say you may hold me entirely responsible.

I am about to return to my sunny, southern home, San Diego, where my interests and many warm friends call me. I should have gone long ere this, had it not been for the fact that my enemies would have said I was afraid and ran away. But those who know me best know that fear has no part in my nature, especially when right is on my side. When inclination and interests lead me to do so, I will be among you again.

As for the so-called Spiritualists, forming themselves into a body for the purpose of burning witches and regulating the morals of mediums (from materializing down to inspirational teachers), I have this to say: I am not dependent upon them for protection and support. I can count my friends by the thousands; and as for Mrs. Hoffman, I deny all charges made against me by her. I left her house because she hired Mr. M. L. Wanzer, of 2212 Mission street, to make a trap, when I was absent; and when I returned to San Francisco, her patrons left her and came to me. This enraged her to such a degree, that she exposed herself for the purpose of injuring me. Mrs. Hoffman is not even a Spiritualist, and had said in the presence of many people that the only way she had of holding a certain man who furnishes her with money was by playing trance upon him.

Had this committee (before publishing me to the world as a fraud) invited me to hold a test seance in their presence, I should certainly have done so; but under the circumstances I did not feel called upon to ask any favors at their hands, not even for the sum of "one hundred dollars." Do not for one moment think that these self-appointed judges and regulators will stop with materializing mediums. One of them said, "Do you know what will be the outcome of this investigation? It will be the breaking-up of Spiritualism, for we have proofs of fraud of all the mediums in the city, in every phase, even the speakers!"

Spiritualists! mediums! do you not see the danger you are in by placing yourselves in sympathy with this Jesuitical move? Let me implore you to stand firm to the cause you advocate, and to right and principle.

To my friends, let me say, Have no fears for me. My band is mighty, and will protect me; nor shall you ever have cause to blush for act of mine. Keep faith in me, dear friends: I will never fail you! As for my enemies, I pity rather than blame them, for they are not themselves.

I would say to my brother and sister mediums, Live lives of purity. Be true to your gifts, that the evil influences may not engulf you, as they have one poor unfortunate, who has fled from the wrath she brought upon herself. Be charitable and kind one unto another, remembering that every wrong committed in the body will retard the progress of the spirit.

Life is short—too short to be spent in spite and envy, or in trying to injure a brother or a sister. Let us do something ennobling; let us ask the good spirits to bless our enemies; but, above all else, let us ask them to keep us in the paths of truth and purity. Yours for justice,

MRS. ELSIE REYNOLDS.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 29, 1888.

Do Tools Grow Tired?

A correspondent of the *Iron Industry Gazette* says: "Tools, like men, grow 'tired.' I have seen a first-class chisel get 'tired,' and act as though it was possessed of the King of Sheol. It would not keep its edge, and the more I sharpened it the sooner it would lose its edge. I called the attention of a shopmate, a grizzled old veteran, to the peculiar behavior of the chisel. He looked it over and handed it back to me, saying: 'The tool is all right, only a little tired. Lay it away and let it rest. It will come out all right again, just like a man who is tired.'"

"I did not believe the old fellow, and I really thought he was crazy to talk of a tool getting 'tired,' but as there was no help for it the tool was laid away. I do not remember how long it was left to 'rest,' but when it was again sharpened and used it appeared to hold its keenest edge as well as it did before it got 'tired.' Barbers tell me their razors in constant use get 'tired' in the same way, and wood-choppers say their axes sometimes seem to get 'soft' all at once.

"Possibly constant and hard usage may cause changes in crystallization that would account satisfactorily for the peculiarity alluded to. Locomotive engineers often observe peculiar misbehavior in their machines, which may possibly be the result of continued heating, friction and pounding. When a tool gets 'tired,' or a machine 'balky,' give each a rest.

"Mechanics who are not well informed, in these days of cheap valuable books, have only themselves to blame. Generally the tool handler who 'gets on' in the world is the one who has read what has been printed concerning his work.

When a foreman is incapacitated by sickness or accident, it is the intelligent subordinate who is called to fill his place either temporarily or permanently."

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

"Shadows."

BY JOHN WETTERBERG.

There is a profound truth in the following remark by our English friend, M. A. (Oxon): "The spirits who are able to deal with gross matter so as to produce physical manifestations, are beings who are not possessed of high moral consciousness. Whether they are the instruments in the hands of more progressed intelligences, or not, the fact remains that they can not be relied on as judged by the laws of human integrity."

Warren Lincoln, who sports with many other names, it is said, has made a tolerable fortune exposing Spiritualism. I know him to be one of the best physical mediums in the country, and witnessing, privately, some of his manifestations, I asked him why he was an exposé of Spiritualism, when he was such a good medium?

He said, "I see you are Mr. Wetterberg; I did not recognize you before."

In answer to my question, he said, "I am a medium, and I pursue the course I do wholly for dollars and cents. I do not," said he, "give such manifestations as you have just witnessed,—it don't pay. If I should go into a place as a medium and give genuine phenomena, I would not get enough to pay for a hall; but let me advertise as an exposé, and I am well patronized and well paid,—even the religious people turn out *en masse*, and enjoy it, to see how it is all done."

I am only surprised that controls of such a medium do not "go back" on him for his hypocrisy—his slurring the truth for the sake of money. It shows in his case that his guides are independent of, and not the instrument of more progressed intelligences, but are bad spirits and more inclined to fill his pockets than promote the truth; and yet we can not forego physical manifestations, for they are the only sensuous proof of man's life after death. It is possible that higher intelligences may submit to these things as a necessity to reach humanity sensuously, as we would submit here in the form to have our child saved from a watery grave by a bad man, or one suffering from a loathsome disease, because he was the only one at hand who could swim; or, as I once waited for a plumber to get over a spell of inebriation to do some work, because he was a good workman.

Madame Diss Debar is another case; there is no question of her wonderful mediumship, or lawyer Marsh's sanity and generosity; but why spirits will work through such a corrupt instrument unless they are corrupt themselves, is a mystery to all high minded people. It must be due to a necessity, as the lily is due to the mud from which it springs, and as luscious fruit is the product of a disagreeable fertilizer. Still for all that we should be eclectic in our observations or investigations, holding fast only to what is good, trusting that in time all truth will work itself clear.

The end may justify the means, but we can all be pronounced in our patronage of honesty and opposed to dishonesty, either on part of spirits or of mortals. I believe in no case where I have defended mediums, but I have disapproved of spirit imposition as well as mortal. I do not believe that spirits are justified in allowing their mediums to personify a spirit any more than a medium is justified in pretending to be a spirit or employing a confederate. Both of these kind of frauds have been manifest; we can not always discriminate, and no argument can whitewash a medium even if unconscious. I have often said, referring to this matter, we should send missionaries of truth to the spirit world.

A SCIENTIST ESTIMATE OF THE VALUE OF SPIRITUALISM TO SCIENCE.—The *Scientific American* of a recent date says: "Now these things seem to justify us in recurring to the subject of Spiritualism, . . . and to point out some of the things which science has to do with."

In the first place, then, we find no words wherewith adequately to express our sense of the magnitude of its importance to science, if it be true. Such words as profound, vast, stupendous, would need to be strengthened a thousand-fold to be fitted such a use. If true, it will become the one grand event of the world's history; it will give an imperishable lustre to the glory of the nineteenth century. Its discoverer will have no rival in renown.

For Spiritualism involves a stultification of what are considered the most certain and fundamental conclusions of science. . . . If the pretensions of Spiritualism have a rational foundation, no more important work has been offered to men of science than their verification. A realization of the *elixir vite*, the philosopher's stone, and the perpetual motion, is of less importance to mankind than the verification of Spiritualism."

God did not make all birds larks and nightingales. The little chipping-bird may express as much joy in his humble note, and his mode of expression may be as delightful to his humble mate, as if he were able to fill the thicket with melodious sound.—Mrs. M. P. A. Crozier, in *Quiet Hours*.

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[Written for the Golden Gate.]

## Life's Secrets Revealed.

BY GEO. A. DELBORG.

Secret things belong unto the Lord our God; but things that are revealed belong to us and our children.—*1st De Witt Talmage.*

What are secret things? Things that are hidden from our knowledge to-day, on the morrow are revealed, hence can not be secret, only from our incapability to understand them. Nature's unfoldment proves that mankind is in a state of development at all times, and the secrets of to-day are no longer secrets to-morrow, hence, with the unfoldment of nature's laws, all things pertaining to our material or spiritual welfare belong to man, when revealed to him through the laws of his being. Thus mankind must progress to be enabled to understand God's divine laws, and when once understood, they are his (man's), to use and instruct others in. So God has no secrets that he does not want mankind to understand, when he is in a proper condition to understand them.

Ignorance of life and its happiness is hidden from mortal view by the accursed teachings of bigots and fools, that, from policy or ignorance, fail to teach the truth; and when the truth is revealed (outside of themselves), they then say don't touch; that it is forbidden by the Lord. And then picture a damning hell that will fit their case, according to their victim's sense of comprehension. What hypocrisy of religious faith!

Yet, from Talmage's words, spirit communion and its phenomena all now belong to us and our children. God has permitted the law to be revealed, and it no longer remains a secret. Thus we can hail the glad tidings, and send forth to the world the news that God has permitted the old rusty door of superstition to be opened, and those we love and supposed dead can now be reached by divine and holy law.

What a blessing! How did Talmage find it out? Is it not possible that his clairvoyant and trance trustee has given his control the cue to enlighten Talmage on this point? Or, could he have listened to the divine words of one of our inspired mediums? He certainly could not have guessed at that truth, or he has wonderfully improved in guessing. Perhaps the spirit world are now going to enlighten him of many facts, and test his honesty to present them to the world. Then, indeed, the millennium we are awaiting will surely be at hand, and the revelations predicted in the past will have a place in the world's history.

No more secrets, heavens doors opened wide, and God's children made happy by the revelations contained therein! What a rejoicing in the Christian churches—creeds abandoned, hell blotted out, the devil proved a myth, truth triumphant. Oh, for the power of love, when scandal-mongers will find their occupation gone, and the world of love an abiding place for all God's children forever!

Rejoice, O ye children of God! Your day of deliverance is at hand! Old Superstition is now abandoned! Divine law, with its ever living truth, has revealed and ransomed the human soul. Death is no longer dreaded; life, with its eternal rays, has triumphed. God is no longer pictured as a demon; but, with his beneficent love for all his children, calls us nearer to his heart of love, to mingle in the joys of our inheritance. Throw off the weeds of mourning! The light is breaking! Our souls are ransomed free! No more slavery! God has unlocked the door, and the secrets of heaven are revealed to mortal man, who can now and forevermore bask in his immortal love.

Hence we can shelter in our hearts  
The needy in the throng;  
And open wide protecting arms,  
To shield them from the wrong.  
Our task will cease then on the earth,  
Our spirits ransomed free;  
Our souls triumphant in their birth,  
Our homes, eternally.

## Interpretation of Tongues.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

I see that your Chicago correspondent, "M. E. C.," in his sketch of Mrs. Richmond, says: "She has the power of interpretation of tongues, and translates into English."

There are a good many mediums, and those who are not mediums, who are made to write what they are told by their guides are hieroglyphics, or characters of an ancient language. Some write them by impression, while the hands of others write by automatic or mechanical action.

Some of these writings, if correctly translated, might prove of value as a biographical sketch of persons, or histories of ancient tribes or nations. I have never heard of but one other medium beside Mrs. Richmond, who had the gift to translate ancient characters. The medium is Mrs. Sarah J. Penoyer of East Saginaw, Michigan. She writes me that the power to translate came to her nearly three years ago, since which time she has translated or interpreted seventeen distinct tongues or languages.

She recently interpreted some characters written by my own hand, and from circumstances that I have no time to explain here, I believe the translation to be genuine. Her power of reading character by lock of hair or writing is excelled by none. I have known this lady in past years, and I can vouch for her honesty

and truthfulness as a medium. I would recommend to those who have the gift to write these ancient characters, to give her a trial. Her card and terms will be found among the list of mediums in the GOLDEN GATE.

## From a Recent Convert.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

A few, short months ago, I would have gone as readily into a gambling saloon, or any worse place (if there be one), as to have had any connection with Spiritualism. I had never investigated it, and to me it was simply associated with falsehood, deception, and fraud of every kind. My husband, being earnestly requested to do so, called to see an eminent medium. As I saw him go, I thought he was leaving all that was good and holy, and deliberately going to what was bad. His report of that one interview was such that I could do no other than investigate for myself.

Now, I know that spirits can and do return and communicate with us here on earth. Though I had been amongst almost all churches, from Unitarian to Methodist, when my home was in England, I had no creed. My highly educated Unitarian mother and teachers never taught me any, save to believe in a Supreme Being, to pray, to keep the commandments, and the "Golden Rule." Though for years the wife of an orthodox minister, I never felt the slightest wish to induce anyone to join either his church or any other. I ever felt that to try to make people live upright, holy lives, was the one thing to do worth any amount of effort. Whatever church they joined was immaterial. With the endless controversies of the Christian churches, I never had either interest or sympathy. With me it was ever, "Show me thy faith" by "thy works."

Is there not a danger of there being too much argument and controversy in Spiritualism on doctrinal points, and about matters that perhaps can not yet be distinctly proven? Think of the brains, and lives, and money, that have been wasted for centuries in controversy. How few are convinced by it. Would it not be wiser for Spiritualists to put forth more of their energies in doing good and living well? Why be always stirring up muddy water? Let it settle, and sow good seed all around. What really induced me to pursue my investigation of Spiritualism was the beauty and goodness of the daily lives of the first Spiritualists with whom I quite accidentally became acquainted. It occurred to me, as the Bible says, that "a good tree can not bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit."

Also, why do Spiritualists hide themselves, as though ashamed of their belief? I keep accidentally finding many, and their reply to my surprise is, "Oh, yes, we have been believers for many years, but we do not say much about it." Is that truth and courage? Are they ashamed of their belief? If so, why hold it? If reproach be connected with it, can they not emulate the spirit of those of old who "rejoiced that they were counted worthy to suffer shame for His name."

Again, are they not often indiscreet in "casting pearls before swine?" Thoughtful people can not give up old, and tried, and inherited beliefs very quickly, and some of us have done so in sadness and pain, in acute anxiety and mental distress. We must have patience. In these days we can not, like Mahomet, force our belief upon others. The style of advertisements in many papers is, I think, a hindrance to progress. Doubtless they are often inserted by worthy persons, but to outsiders knowing nothing of Spiritualism they are matter either for ridicule or disgust, and prevent many from giving serious thought to this matter.

Being only a recent convert, my words on some points have little value, but perhaps I am as well able to judge how Spiritualism appears to the outsider as those who are more advanced. To me, Spiritualism seems to be the one thing that can cleanse the sin, and comfort the sorrow, with which this life is so encompassed,—the only light that properly interprets the Bible,—the only belief that fits all mankind. I have wandered in the wilderness of so-called Christianity half my life; its teachings have enabled me to endure and to live aright, but never to enjoy or to rest. Spiritualism comes and teaches the religion that Christ himself both taught and lived, gives rest, and peace, and comfort, and hope, and certainty; and not for a favored few, but for all; and in that sense, it seems to me, Christ lived and died for the world, and is its savior. Let us band together, and show the world how to live,—not how to believe, only. So may we leave this world the better for our short life in it, and be more fit to join the pure and good in the "land beyond the sunrise."

M. A. H.

A correspondent of the Boston *Transcript* writes: "George was a negro boy owned by my friend, Judge W., in New Orleans. He was a devout fellow, and enjoyed his evening prayer beside his gentle mistress, where, believing in sound rather than sense, he innocently and emphatically always said, 'Forgive us our precipices, and lead us not into a plantation.'"

Be fit for more than the thing you are now doing.

## Spirit Side of Life.

[Received from Spirit H. H. Squire, Mrs. Adelaide Brooks, medium, St. Paul, Minn.]

MY DEAR FRIENDS:—You have frequently requested that I describe some of the interesting scenes I have witnessed since coming into the new life on this side of the grave, and I have no doubt but this comes from the fact that I so often said, that when I passed over the river, I would not sit down by the first beautiful spot I came to, but would for once try and find out how much of a country the spirit world really was; just so, and I have been roaming around and constantly coming upon new and more beautiful scenery than any that our loved ones had written about; and it is to me amusing to notice how satisfied they appear when they lead me to some of these lovely places and listen to my enthusiasm. But when I ask, "Did you ever see this before?" the answer is, "Oh, yes; we have visited this spot many times before you came, and are glad that you enjoy it so well;" and when I want to know why they did not tell us of it, they smile and say that had they done so, would any of you have believed that this place of beauty could be found in the spirit world?

You in earth life imagine that the spirit and everything pertaining to life in what you call the spirit world, is, at least, only a misty vapor, and of no real substance. We are glad to give you all the information and descriptions of this country that would be accepted, but should we attempt to tell the whole story, words would fail to convey a correct idea of very much to be found here. And then it is a fact that we receive very much satisfaction in leading newly arrived loved ones from one thing of beauty to another. I will write you from time to time of this life, that when you also come, everything will not be so strange to you as is generally the case with those coming from earth life. I want you to fix one truth in your mind, and that is heaven—spirit world—the beyond—whichever you choose to call it, is a beautiful country, beyond my power to completely describe.

I believe that none of us have made mention of what we call "electric and vapor showers." There has been so much to write about, that these showers have not been mentioned by any of us. They are very beautiful, and have interested me very much. Vapor showers come like currents of air, bringing a fragrance that would lead you to imagine it was a breath from some vast field of flowers; and I am not certain but the breeze does come over some flowery section, because the color of the vapor and the fragrance varies continually. And one reason why I think these vapor showers gather the perfume thus, is from the fact that not far from our home is a beautiful section known by us as "Rocky Bay;" in another direction is a place that we call "Castle Gate," equally as beautiful, but differing from the other. When these fleecy clouds come from the direction of "Castle Gate," they take on a beautiful golden hue, and when they come over "Rocky Bay," the tint is of variegated blue, each bringing different perfume.

One thing that interested me very much when I first witnessed these showers was that in some way I realized that I gained strength very fast while they lasted, and so, you see, there were at least two reasons for me to rejoice, and also wish you were here to enjoy this beautiful and restful scene with us. I was not here alone, as our darling Edna and other friends were present to see me enjoy it. What a blessed truth it is that love does not die with the old body; and I am constantly reminded of the fact that loved ones are ever present to lead me into new scenes of beauty and restfulness, such as you in earth life know nothing of.

"Electric showers" are unlike vapor showers, but are equally interesting to me. Vapor showers come something like clouds, while electric showers fall around and upon us like the spray from some kind of fire-works with you, except that the spray is very fine. The effect upon me was something like the other—restful and vitalizing—in a greater degree. I needed strength, and rejoiced and was made glad when they came, and it may be that later on, when I am not in need of more strength, these showers may not fill me with so much wonder. The fact is, thus far I have blundered or been led into just the condition necessary for my growth, and constantly confronting new and strange experiences. Thus far there has been no end to the pleasing surprises that my loved ones have sprung upon me.

All places in the spirit world are not the same. You are taught in earth life that there are only two places in the life beyond the grave—one of perfect happiness, and the other of perfect misery. Right there you may stick a pin, and let that error out of the bubble, for I find this life full of varying conditions. There are conditions here where I would be moderately contented, but not happy, and other conditions where I would not remain at all.

One grand and comforting fact connected with this life is that none are compelled to remain in the company of those not congenial, and it may be that this is why some find so much happiness in heaven, while others do not enter into conditions of usefulness and peace at once.

I would enjoy sitting down in one of our electric showers with you, and then wait for a vapor shower to envelop you in the sweet fragrance of unknown perfume.

## "Pagan Bob."

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

By this mail I send you the *North American Review* for June, containing Mr. Ingersoll's reply to Mr. Gladstone. It you have not read it, you will, I think, enjoy doing so. "Pagan Bob" is the heavy-weight iconoclast of the theological world; the agnostic gadfly of the church militant. He is the Goth that destroys, the vandal that sacks the spiritual temple of the religious world, and he does it well. But there is, and there always must be, a spiritual temple, though the sacred images therein must change with the progressive changes which mark man's spiritual growth.

To that large and growing class who enjoy the perusal of articles containing such "pagan" principles as are herein promulgated, or to those who linger uneasily along the border lands of uncertainty, of doubt, and of hope and fear, this letter of Mr. Ingersoll's should prove "mighty interesting reading," though it may prove more useful in laying the demons of *Fear*, than in creating, resurrecting or establishing the bright and beautiful visions of *Hope*, and clothing them with the enduring fabric of reality. But we must paint over with deep and lasting tints the unsightly business signs and labels of the *old firm* (and Robert is doing it with a bold and skillful hand!) before the Great Painter of a newer, truer and more glorious dispensation shall write, in bright, beautiful and enduring colors, the name of its successor.

This letter of Mr. Ingersoll's has no message for that type of crystallized and perfected (at any rate, *finished*) or fossiliferous mentality that "knows it all,"—those, in short, who seem to have "been in" at creation, and contributed material assistance, by their *advice* at least, to the Almighty in the evolution and elaboration of His plans of the universe. This letter is not for them; it is only for doubters and inquirers. Many of these will not find in the beautiful, and often logical and unsavory periods of Mr. Ingersoll, the panacea for their spiritual unrest.

"The stream does not rise higher than the fountain," actually or metaphorically, materially or mentally, or in any realm of nature. Great and radical ideas are not entirely swept away, and as radically opposite ones permanently and universally take their places in the great world of thought, in a day, a year, or in a generation; but we note man's growth in mental and spiritual stature, in epochs and in cycles, and along the stately march of the centuries great names stand out, the embodiment of ideas which have left lasting impressions on the world of religious thought. In this way ideas become "fixed quantities" in the minds of multitudes who look for no other or better light, and by hereditary transmission and exclusive teaching, propagate the ideas, right or wrong, which they held through life, it being held as infamously wicked by vast multitudes of otherwise intelligent men and women, to exercise that best gift of God to man—his reason—except it be toward and in support of an hypothesis *already established* "in their minds."

From Calvin to Ingersoll is a long step, and for many, even earnest truth-seekers, a not altogether satisfactory one. But truth, like the march of a conquering army, does not always advance in undeviated columns.

The fearful howl of a Calvin heard in dismal and despairing tones across the century, and his doleful echoes reverberating through a Talmage into empty but affrighted space, is greatly tempered in "these late degenerate days" (thank goodness!) by the kindlier ministrations of mightier minds of finer mold, whose spiritual lamps have been lighted at the altar of a diviner fire. May we not believe that across these giant but uneven stepping-stones of progress God's truth shall come at last, and that fact and fable, now so strangely mixed, be touched by the fairy wand of knowledge, and each and all be known and valued for what they are! The sacred "bulls," dogmas, faiths and fables of the present, together with the still cruder and grosser gropings after spiritual knowledge in the (very) "dim religious light" of the dead and dusty centuries, must, as they surely shall, fade from the distorted imaginations of mankind just as fast and no faster than knowledge with her flaming torch drives the ghouls of ignorance and cruelty, that leprosy legacy of the past, from the darkened corners of the mind. Then, and not until then, shall we enter, here, into the possession and enjoyment of our spiritual estate, and man's second Eden, "greatly enlarged and improved," shall become a verity—a fact, and not a fancy, in the distant future of our race.

"Then comes the statelier Eden back to earth," When man is valued at his moral worth.

My spirit sight discerns a land,  
And distance lends enchantment to the view,  
And earth perfected by a fairy wand,  
For all God's children, no (s) "elected" few!  
C. A. M.

\*In the Irish, the papal, or the sacerdotal sense!

WASHINGTON, D. C. July 13, 1888.

Praise undeserved is satire in disguise.

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## "Practical Occultism."

A Course of Lectures through the trance mediumship of

J. J. MORSE,

— WITH A PREFACE BY —

WILLIAM J. EMMETTE : COLEMAN.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS:

- PROLEGOMENA.
- I. The Trance as the Doorway to the Occult. Its Magnetic, Natural and Spiritual forms of Induction.
- II. Mediumship: Its Physical, Mental and Spiritual Conditions.
- III. Mediumship (continued): Its Foundation, Development, Dangers and Advantages.
- IV. Magic, Sorcery and Witchcraft.
- V. The Natural, Spiritual and Celestial Planes of the Second State.
- VI. The Soul World: Its Hells, Heavens and Evolutions.
- VII. Life, Development and Death in Spirit-Land.

APPENDIX.—Answers to Questions.

The above lectures were delivered to Mr. Morse's private classes in San Francisco, Cal., during October, 1887, and are now published for the first time. The two lectures upon mediumship are especially valuable to all mediums and mediumistic persons. Cloth, 12 mo. pp. 159. Price, \$1. Postage, 5 cents extra.

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## GOLDEN GATE.

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1888.

## EDITORIAL FRAGMENTS.

Who lives for others lives in the truest sense for himself. Upon the crest of the wave of generous deeds man is borne heavenward. Who exalteth himself shall be humbled; who exalteth his brother himself shall be exalted.

How often do we find those living in the slums seeking to drag their fellows down to their level. Such people are in much greater need of pity than those whom they would traduce. Whoever lives a clean and correct life need have no fear of false tongues. He is clad in the armor of truth, against which the shafts of malice and ignorance fall in vain.

In the higher life of the soul there are delights that are never dreamed of by the mortal mind—a realm where the inflowing tide of inspiration lifts one above the plane of sensuous things, and the spirit bathes in the scintillant glory of the Divine Life. Would you live in this realm, and enjoy these supernal joys, live your best in thought and action, and it will surely come to you.

We can live like unhatched chickens, in the shell, as many do, or we can come forth into that larger life of the spirit which is our birthright. The former condition is the childhood of the spirit, the realm of small thoughts and small things. Ought we not to rise out of this realm, and learn to think grandly, and to live grandly—not in a material sense, but in the grandeur of a noble life and high aspirations? There be many kings and priests of the Most High who never lived in earthly palaces.

There is no buying nor selling in the land "beyond the river." The mind schooled in the ways and tricks of trade, and but little else, in this life, will there have to begin with the spiritual alphabet, and take its place in the infant class. What advantage can it be to the spirit to be skilled in the things of earth for which it will have no use in spirit life? It will have use for all its love, all its generosity, all its purity, all its nobility of character, all its unselfishness,—but all that is of the earth earthy it will leave behind.

Can you realize, dear reader, how swift is the flight of time—we mean you who have crossed the meridian line, and have seen what the world is disposed to call your "best days?" Your best days should be your last days—your days of fruition—your days of ripe experience, of treasured memories. The earth is fading away. You are nearing the silent river, beyond which bloom the evergreen shores of immortal life. You must soon bid good-bye to earth—soon must part with all earthly possessions. Are you ready for the summons?

The French language has no word that corresponds with the dear old Saxon word, home; and France is a country where home, in its sweet American significance, is unknown. He misses one of the dearest charms of life, who lives, though it be never so grandly, without a home. How pure the joys and rare the delights, that cluster around the home. It is not home where one sleeps, or eats his meals, unless one's heart is in the place; and what heart ever went into a restaurant or lodging-house! The virtuous home is the foundation of the Republic, the bulwark of orderly society, the stepping stone to heaven.

In the Church we are asked and required to believe by faith, and without proof, in what Spiritualists claim they are able to prove, viz., the continued existence, upon another plane of life, of the spirit of man as an individualized, conscious entity. Now, faith and knowledge are not naturally antagonistic to each other. In fact, they can not long run in parallel lines without converging towards a point of common unity. Faith is a phantom of ignorance that disappears in knowledge. No one will be contented with a belief in a future life by faith, when he once learns that a positive knowledge of the fact is within his reach. And so a multitude of good religious people in the churches are coming to a knowledge of the truth, through the unfoldments

and manifestations of the spirit in their own homes and lives, as well as through the "gifts of the spirit" in other ways.

All who believe the Bible, believe that Moses and Elias materialized on the Mount of Transfiguration; they believe also that on many occasions spirits appeared to mortals, and that even Christ himself came to his disciples and was recognized by them. Now, if communion with spirits is wrong, why did not Jesus warn his disciples against it? And why did he do that which, if wrong, he would have condemned in others? Will not some of our Christian ministers answer this question?

One can not judge of the tree by the fungus growth upon its bark, nor of the sea by the debris cast upon the shore; neither can one judge of Spiritualism by the excrescences that sometimes appear upon its surface. There are depths on depths of grandeur, purity, and beauty in Spiritualism that the world knows not of, and which can never be inferred from the lives and conduct of some who claim to be its champions. It is a plant that thrives best in the soil of a harmonious home. There to many lives it is a most precious thing, full of all beauty and freshness, and ever exhaling sweetest fragrance.

Be of good cheer, fellow traveler on life's journey! Know ye not that it is only when your own spirit is full of sunshine that your angel friends can draw nearest to aid you and lead you out of trouble? It not only does no good to worry and fret over disappointments and troubles that one can not avoid, but it does positive harm, in that it shuts one out from the possibility of that help that might come to one through the spirit. It may require much discipline of the mind to overcome the tendency to worry over what goes wrong. But how to obtain that discipline and mastery over one's self generally, should be the study of every soul.

## INDIVIDUALITY.

The general plan of society does not tend to foster that quality called individuality. Composed as it is of various clans or organizations, each with a leader or a head to expound its principles and set forth the ideas of the day, or those of its own evolution, social life predisposes men to mental idleness and dependence. The hundred is content that the unit should think for them and decide what is best and what not for their intellectual acceptance. Even so-called Free Thinkers take their thoughts and ideas at second hand, and if they are only sufficiently radical they are called free thought. The fact is there are very few Free Thinkers in the world, but hosts ready to follow any one who will think for them.

Mr. Lapouge of Montpellier, describes four social types of men, viz.: 1. The Initiators, who show mankind the way into the region of the unknown, and who go in front, restless and daring; men who do not travel readily in beaten tracks, and to whom new ideas are the breath of life. 2. Men of spirit, of intelligence, who, possessing no creative power themselves, yet carry out and perfect the ideas and discoveries of the first type, to which they are really the complement. 3. Men who, with much or little intelligence, can work only with others, who mistrust every new idea not accepted by all the others, but who seize it with avidity when their neighbors adopt it. 4. Intelligent, docile men, but who dislike every change in routine, and who represent the dullness of the mass in the face of every reform.

The very constitutions of men seem to cry out against perfect individuality, and to call for a Moses to lead them, somewhere, anywhere, that leads from responsibility of mental action. But this very lack of the masses, is the link that completes the chain of brotherhood. Did every mind stand alone in thought and opinion, the cohesion of society would be broken. Though the masses may be hard to move, when they do move it is as a whole, and well it is when this great body moves in a good cause. Individuality is an admissible thing, but fraternity is a better. Born leaders carry great obligations. They often lead astray.

## J. J. MORSE'S WORK.

The large company that assembled in Washington Hall last Sunday evening, to listen to J. J. Morse answer questions while under spirit control, were well repaid in the intellectual and spiritual feast presented them. A very large number of questions were submitted to the control, and, as might be expected, a very wide range of topics was covered.

Among the salient questions were queries concerning Sunday in the spirit world; Theological and individual salvation; How far are our spirit friends able to assist us in mundane affairs, and how much of their advice ought we to accept? Are we masters of circumstances? While a question concerning the use of tobacco, called for the gem answer of the series, literally bringing down the house.

Mr. W. E. Coleman read the questions. Mrs. Parks sang "Rock me to Sleep, Mother," in a charming manner, being skillfully accompanied upon the piano by her sister, Mrs. Morris.

On Sunday next, which commences the closing month of Mr. Morse's public labors in this city, his controls will devote the evening to the consideration of four topics, to be selected by the audience, relating to Spiritualism and general reform. Choice vocal music will be provided by Miss Florence Morse. Meeting commences at 8 P. M. sharp.

## ENDOWMENTS.

Andrew D. White, in *The Forum* for June, has this to say of university endowments:

Two or three years since the newspapers announced Mr. Tulane's gift of over a million dollars to found a university in Louisiana; a little later came Mr. Clark's gift of two millions, with hints of millions more, to found a university in Massachusetts; and now come details of Governor Stanford's gift of many more millions to found a university in California. During this recent period, too, have come a multitude of noble gifts to strengthen universities already established; among them such as those of Mr. Agassiz, Mr. Greenleaf, and Mr. Boyden, at Harvard; of Mr. Kent, Mr. Marquand and Mr. Chittenden, at Yale; of Mr. Phoenix, at Columbia; of Mr. Green and Mr. Marquand, at Princeton; of Mr. McCormick, at the University of Virginia; of Mr. Crouse, at Syracuse; of Mr. Sage, Mr. Sibley, and Mr. Barnes, at Cornell; and scores of others. All these are but the continuance of a stream of munificence which began to flow in the earliest years of the nation, but which has especially swollen since the civil war, in obedience to the thoughts of such as Peabody, Sheffield, Cooper, Cornell, Vassar, Packer, Durant, Sage, Johns, Hopkins, Sibley, Case, Rose, and very many more.

While we would not question the wisdom of the liberal endowment of colleges and universities, we can not but think that there are other institutions of learning quite as important and far reaching in their results, that no one has ever thought of endowing. We allude to the reformatory press.

If to uplift humanity is the end sought for in the endowment of a university, is it not possible that better results could be obtained with less money by the endowment of a press for periodical literature of the right kind?

Popularize it as we may, the university is not for the masses; it is beyond their reach. The multitude must gain knowledge by other means—by the public school and the public newspaper. How very much the latter might be improved if, by suitable endowment, it were made less dependent for its support upon a vitiated and debased public taste.

As society is at present constituted, the journalist who should run his paper in the interest of virtue and decency, instead of vice and crime—who should find no place in his columns for prize fights, disgusting scandals, and morally degrading matter generally, would starve to death for lack of patronage. But if he could afford to be decent and independent, as he could with a moderate university endowment to lean upon, how vastly he might be able to add to the sum of human worth, and respectable intelligence.

Now to make a practical application of the thought we would enforce,—suppose the GOLDEN GATE, for instance, was endowed with one-tenth, or even one-hundredth part of the royal endowment of any of our leading universities (a supposition that almost takes away our editorial breath), what a blessing might not the paper be to the world! We modestly offer the suggestion to all Spiritualists who possess more of this world's treasure than they can reasonably find use for on this side the grave, and who would win the welcome plaudit of the shining ones who dwell in the land of eternal verities beyond, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joys of the arisen spirit."

NATURE commands every man to the care of himself. The society or association which bids one man take care of another, or says that every man should be provided for by the State or nation, is teaching a false principle.—L. K. Washburn.

It is a common saying that nature makes no mistakes but to "command a man to take care of himself," and not to have fitted him for that responsibility is a mistake, if nothing more. In the course of the centuries, the "command" seems to have fallen upon human nature to take care of its own, and we hail the "society or association" a benefactor that carries out the "command." We are not familiar with the idea of the State or nation providing for all. Such a state of affairs would speedily wipe out of existence the most powerful nation, as a race of people who lived without industrial exertions would really not be a nation at all, but an inert mass of beings dying of lethargy. The people and their necessities and strivings are the nation and its life, and any other "principle" of living is certainly "false"—no principle at all. To go back to nature. If she makes no mistakes, then she is a cruel old dame, who, by her wickedness, throws many of her children upon the mercy of the fittest few, whom it would be barbarity to cast off. But the misfortunes of mankind are not attributed to natural laws, but to a Divine Providence, whose design they were from the beginning. While organized charity is working in direct opposition to the supposed Will, no one hesitates to act in behalf of his brother, all perhaps feeling that the calamity of one is another's opportunity for salvation. The Will, if one there be, doubtless plans for all, and makes no difference between him who needs and him who gives.

—While we make it a rule to admit well written articles on all spiritual and reformatory topics, we have repeatedly asserted that we do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of correspondents. This is the rule of all well conducted journals—journals that would deal fairly with the public. Notwithstanding, there are those who persist in holding us to account for a certain article that appeared recently in our columns, entitled, "A Word from the Raiders," in which the author defends the harsh and ungentlemanly methods practiced by the Boston raiders to suppress frauds in materialization.

We regret that it is not in our power to furnish those of our readers who are deficient therein with brains.

## CLOUDS.

These are altogether good, though employed in speech to typify all that is ill, sad, or unfortunate. There are no real clouds in young lives; it is only to mature years that they take on significance and come to be talked of as evil. Clouds in the sky that shut out the sunshine from desponding minds; clouds in the life that make it seem not worth the living; clouds on the brow that make gloomy the home and its inmates, and turn friends from its entrance; clouds in the soul and spirit that obscure the divine light of futurity that beams in radiance ever for all, and which all see, feel, and know, when they for a moment will forget the clouds, and look beyond and above them where it is ever clear and serene. But these clouds are blessed in their mission to man and the earth, and all that lives and dies thereon.

Sadness and gloom and despondency are good. The contrast of dark and sunny homes and lives is good; ill fortune is good—all negatives are good, since without them we should not know their opposites, nor appreciate the happiness that comes from nature's perfect moods, and human nature's best estate.

Science, which has had much to do with clouds in the last half century, is finding them exceedingly good—good for more than supporting our Signal Service System. It has found them good messengers to the spirit of the storm, the lightning. Experiments lately made at the Cape of Good Hope have developed a new kind of telegraphy, by means of atmospheric clouds, that suggests a broad application.

The light from a 100,000 candle arc lamp was directed against the clouds by means of a reflector, and interpreted according to the heliographic code. The dispatch could be read with ease at Cape Town. Other experiments were made at sea, and the signals could be read from a distance of fifty miles.

Thus, one by one, are the secrets and possibilities surrounding us being discovered, drawing men nearer the Infinite, whose ways seem no longer past finding out. The clouds that lie between the finite and the Infinite may at last illumine the mystery, and reveal man himself a God.

## A GENEROUS COUNTRY.

It would seem that in a country where religious freedom is granted to all, each sect would be but too glad to mind its own affairs, and wish others to do the same. The various Protestant organizations seem inclined to this, but between them and Catholicism there is a barrier of difference that is destined to grow yet higher and broader as human knowledge and power advances. The great "bone of contention" between them, or, more properly, the strong bone in the frame of our institution—our public school system, is what Catholicism would wrest from Protestantism. While in other countries monasteries, convents, and lesser educational institutions, have frequently been confiscated and their owners banished, in our land they grow and multiply unmolested, and include in their pupilage about as many Protestants as Catholics, and this without causing any great alarm or displeasure to the former religionists. But what is the sentiment of the latter regarding the bulwark of our Republic institutions—our public schools?

The following, condensed from various sources, will show: "Let the public school system go 'where it came from, to the devil.' The public schools have produced nothing but a godless generation of thieves and blackguards. It will be a glorious day for Catholics in this country, 'when, under the laws of justice and morality, our school system shall be shivered to pieces.' 'I would as soon administer the sacrament to a dog, as to Catholics who send their children to 'public schools. Catholics must not vote as 'they please, but as true Catholics. They must 'take their politics the same as their religion, 'from Peter.'"

It is very evident that Catholics should have a country and Government all to themselves, but whether they will ever be able to mold ours to their liking, bids fair to become an interesting problem. Our Government was based upon principles, that, through the workings of over a century, have proven to be not only just, but wise. The man, party, or sect who would subvert them is disloyal, and in any other country than America would be treated accordingly.

Perhaps our indifference proves our strength; but we should not be blind nor idle.

## A DISHONOR.

While suicide is rather the rule than the exception in France, it seems that in the army the method of preventing it, is to show marked dishonor to the victims of such weakness or cowardice. One Private Richer who lately took his own life on account of a woman he loved, affords a striking example of the estimation in which French army suicides are held, and would also rather indicate that in no sphere of duty is a Frenchman's life so enhanced in value as in the service of arms. The following order was issued by the Colonel of the Seventieth: "Private 'Richer, who was admitted to the class for band musicians, after having tried to poison himself, this morning shot himself because he 'was jealous of a woman. The Colonel feels it 'his duty to condemn this act, which, if it did 'not arise from madness, would prove cowardice. A man, and especially a man who has 'the honor to belong to the French army, should 'know better how to support with resignation 'the ills of life, and to spare his blood for the 'service of his country. The Colonel therefore 'orders that no soldier is to attend Private 'Richer's funeral.'"

It is to be regretted that the above sentiment is not general. Suicide, unless to cut short incurable bodily sufferings, is cowardice and a waste of human energy not to be tolerated. We are all soldiers in the great army of life, and should each be faithful to the end, destroying as many enemies of mankind as the knowledge of our weapons permits.

## W. J. COLVILLE'S WORK.

W. J. Colville had an unusually large audience on Sunday last, July 29th, and many heartfelt regrets were expressed at his departure from California for Chicago.

Metropolitan Temple was very largely attended in the morning, and the lecture on "A Glimpse at the Twentieth Century" was a remarkable production. Prof. Eckman played the grand organ magnificently. Mme. Bishop and J. W. Maguire rendered exquisite vocal selections, and thanks are due to several ladies for lovely flowers. The entire service was most harmonious and appropriate, and we can not doubt, from the feeling expressed in many quarters, that W. J. Colville will soon return to this city under more favorable circumstances for effective and continued effort than ever before.

At 3 P. M. the Jewish Temple in Oakland was crowded to listen to a lecture from W. J. Colville on "The True Spiritual Resurrection," and in the evening another very large audience assembled at College Hall, 106 McAllister street, San Francisco, where the subject of discourse was "A Romance of Two Worlds—the Electric Creed." The subject being a partial review of an extraordinary work bearing that title, which has much to say on various matters pertaining to Spiritualism, the lecturer had ample opportunity for pointing out the errors which have led up to the wretched impostures so recently exposed in this city and elsewhere.

Such a lecture would be very instructive, as well as interesting, to the readers of the GOLDEN GATE, and we should certainly more frequently present our readers with W. J. Colville's discourses, were it not that, owing to his innumerable engagements, and the demands of his new work, "Spiritual Therapeutics," now in press, he has had no time to correct reports, or in any way prepare manuscript for our columns. Next week, however, we hope to publish an address and poem delivered at the opening of a College in Los Angeles. It would have appeared this week had the manuscript reached our office early enough.

The concert at 106 McAllister street, Wednesday, August 1st, will also be noticed in our next issue; also the closing exercises there Thursday, August 2d.

Friends of W. J. Colville and his work would do well to make special efforts to introduce the next number of the GOLDEN GATE to their friends, as it will contain a great deal of very interesting matter.

W. J. Colville is at time of publication en route for Portland, Oregon, where he lectures August 4th, 5th, and 6th; he proceeds thence directly to Chicago, where he will lecture on Sunday, August 12th. His next move is to Cassadaga Lake, where he commences a course of lectures August 14th, remaining till the close of the camp. Sunday, Sept. 1st, he commences an engagement in Chicago with the First Society of Spiritualists, and on Sept. 2d, classes in Spiritual Science under the management of Dr. and Mrs. M. E. Congar.

## CAMP-MEETING RETURNS.

Following is the Financial Secretary's Report of moneys received and expended at the recent Camp-Meeting:

Balance on hand, July 23, 1887.....	\$ 14 80
Admission dues, July 23, 1888.....	21 50
Children's Day, collections.....	1,728 35
J. J. Morse, developing class.....	61 30
W. J. Colville's Class, Oakland and City.....	74 25
Season Tickets.....	111 35
Socials, Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4.....	155 45
Furniture and Tool account.....	139 45
Lumber account, rent floors for tents.....	7 00
Alameda Macadamizing Co., account.....	10 60
W. A. Dunscombe, on account.....	37 90
Ground Rent.....	13 50
Furniture Rent.....	24 60
Tent rent.....	125 25
	355 95

Paid over to Treasurer as per his receipts.....\$3,063 00  
G. H. HAWES,  
Financial Secretary.

## TREASURER'S REPORT.

Cash received and disbursed for the year ending July 23, 1888:

Received from Financial Secretary, as per my receipts.....\$3,063 00

Paid out as per vouchers herewith.....3,063 55

Balance on hand.....	\$ 45 10
Medium's Benefit (admission at gate).....	86 10
Printing.....	35 65
Stationery.....	14 50
Incidentals.....	23 05
Mrs. S. B. Whitehead, Secretary.....	43 15
Musical.....	29 00
Admission dues.....	125 25
Mrs. M. L. Lantz (ticket seller).....	25 00
Mrs. H. M. Price (ticket seller).....	50 00
Interest.....	2 00
Bills Payable (Campbell).....	\$20 00
Old account, Mrs. S. B. Whitehead 30 00.....	70 00
Socials, Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4, expense.....	54 90
Ground Rent.....	13 50
W. J. Colville's one-half proceeds of his class.....	55 15
Test Mediums.....	395 00
Transportation.....	14 50
Labor account, day laborers on the ground.....	156 50
Seating account.....	31 70
Gas and light account.....	39 70
Furniture and tool account.....	49 45
S. B. Clark, balance old account, 1887.....	100 00
S. B. Clark, account of salary of 1888.....	272 65
C. E. Eliot, on account of old account, 1887.....	35 45
Furniture Rent.....	125 10
Lumber account, rebate 1887.....	3 50

\$3,063 55

C. E. ELIOT, Treasurer.

The balance sheet shows the liabilities of the Association to be \$1,223 30, and the assets \$2,072 70. Among the assets are some \$70 of doubtful bills. The tents, furniture, etc., are valued at their cost to the Association. The property would not sell, probably, for more than enough to meet the liabilities. The actual loss this year is about \$300, and it was about the same last year.

—The New York Daily Graphic has started a new feature, "Our Poet's Corner," and, as the Graphic announces, "the department is expressly designed for the profit and celebration of our poetic contributors," in which it is intended to publish all the verses sent that paper. This is, we believe, the first attempt of any metropolitan daily to encourage the development of American poetical genius, and will certainly "fill a long-felt want" as well as increasing the already exceedingly great popularity of the Graphic. Here is an opportunity for our local poets to become celebrated, by sending their effusions, written on one side of the sheet, to the Poetry Editor of the Graphic, New York.



## EDITORIAL NOTES.

—Mrs. S. Seip, lecturer and psychometrist, of this city, left yesterday for Chicago, to be absent several months.

—Mrs. J. J. Whitney will return to this city October 1st. She expects to resume her public platform work here on Sunday, November 1st, and winter if possible.

—Fanny Clifton, the alleged materializing medium lately operating in this city, is in the tails of the law in San Diego, to answer the charge of obtaining money by false pretenses.

—We are glad to know that the woman who for some time past has played "Cleoatra" at Harry Wilde's seances, has abandoned the wicked business, and set herself at the task of undoing the mischief she has done.

—Prof. George Chalmers opened the Cassadaga Camp-Meeting the 26th. He will visit many Eastern camps en route to New York City. The headquarters of the Gnostic Society and Publication Co. will be there Nov. 1st.

—Dr. J. D. MacLennan, the well known magnetic healer, having returned from his late, long and professional tour, has resumed practice at his office and residence, 1410 Octavia street. Dr. MacLennan's fame as a healer is world wide.

—Marmalade's New Weekly, of Oakland, (Great Scott, what a name for a paper!) comes to us this week sparkling with paragraphic scintillations from the pen of that journalistic genius, Calvin B. Macdonald. This more than compensates for the name—it leaves a large balance on the other side.

—W. J. Colville's classes in Alameda and Oakland were so large in both places that the spacious halls barely accommodated the audiences. The closing sessions were held Monday, July 30th, when the exercises were intensely interesting. The answers to questions were exceptionally instructive.

—W. J. Colville's new work, "Spiritual Therapeutics," is now nearly out. The 50 cents subscription list has completely closed. The work will extend to over 300 large, clearly printed pages, in fine cloth binding, and will be very cheap at \$1. (its published price). We can receive subscriptions at 75 cents for the next few weeks.

—Fred Evans offers the furniture, carpets, etc., of his pleasant flat at 133 Octavia street, for sale at a bargain. To any one about to rent and fit up a nice flat this offer presents a rare opportunity. The property must be disposed of by the 15th of the present month, when he will break up housekeeping preparatory to his departure for Australia.

—Mrs. Chalmers, and two pupils from Australia, sailed on the "Columbia" the 30th, going East via Portland. Mrs. Chalmers will lecture there on the 12th, and teach classes in psychic and physical culture one month. Societies en route to New York who desire her services can communicate with her, care of World's Advance-Thought, Portland, Oregon.

—W. J. Colville addressed two large and deeply interested audiences in Rutherford Hall, San Jose, July 31st. Many topics of great interest were interestingly explained, and forty-three persons subscribed for "Spiritual Therapeutics." Great interest is manifested in all spiritual topics in San Jose. The higher teachings of Spiritualism are eagerly sought after.

—We have talked with two carpenters—one who made the secret entrance to Mrs. Patterson's cabinet, and the other for Mrs. Hoffman's—both of whom say they are willing to go before a proper officer and make oath to the same. That ought to settle the matter as regards those alleged mediums, especially when said secret modes of entrance have been found by others.

—The Republicans displayed an excellent article of common sense, the other day, in the nomination for Congress, for the Fifth District of California, of that sterling specimen of manliness and upright statesmanship, Timothy Guy Phelps. We have known Mr. Phelps for a third of a century, and know him to be thoroughly clean-handed and honest. Such men are needed in the nation's councils.

—A meeting of the new Board of Directors of the State Camp-Meeting Association, was held at the residence of Mrs. Aitken on Saturday evening last. The Board confirmed the election of officers, as heretofore reported. The old Board passed over to the new all the property of the Association. Mr. S. B. Clark, one of the Directors-elect of the new Board, tendered his resignation, which was accepted. There being no further business, the meeting adjourned, subject to the call of the President.

—There is no longer any reasonable question of the fact that several of the alleged materializing mediums, who for the last few years have plied their nefarious practices in this city, were shameless frauds. Spiritualists have no desire to prosecute these people provided they will discontinue their unholy business, and this, we are glad to know, they have promised to do. This much good has been accomplished by the Society for Psychical Research, and for which they are entitled to the thanks of every honest Spiritualist.

—The Progressive Spiritualists' Association of Oakland, at Fraternity Hall, Seventh and Peralta streets, is evidently increasing in usefulness, as their meetings prove. Last Sunday there was a large attendance, and the audience seemed to be well pleased with the exercises. Mrs. Ada Foye, of San Francisco, occupied the platform in giving tests, which seemed to be fully appreciated by all present. This is the last appearance of Mrs. Foye in public before going East. On next Sunday evening Mrs. E. Crockett, of San Jose, will lecture, under control, upon any subject the audience likes to give, after which Mrs. Miller, symbol medium, and Mme. De Roth, psychometrist, will give tests from the rostrum. Meeting at 7:30 P. M.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.—W. J. Colville will lecture in Marine's Hall, 53 South Adelaide street, Chicago, Sunday, August 12th, at 10:45 A. M., 7:45 and 7:47 P. M. Lectures on Spiritual Science morning and evening; answers to questions in the afternoon. Friends are particularly requested to give this notice publicity. W. J. Colville's present address is, care of Dr. Conger, 247 Ogden avenue, Chicago.

## The "Australian Faith Healer."

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

Referring to John A. Dowie, the Australian faith healer, who has been drawing crowds to Association Hall in this city, and the First Presbyterian Church of Oakland, and making a specialty, everywhere, of "unmasking Spiritualism," he appears to be now unmasked himself. The Oakland Tribune has been showing him up as a common scold and first-class fraud, and the Chronicle of Tuesday last contained a report of a minister in which Dr. John Thompson, Rev. M. Mathers, and others, expressed a very decided opinion that the Rev. John A. Dowie was nothing else than a tramp and an impostor, pretending to work miracles, and denouncing with great bitterness all who doubted or opposed his pretensions. Dr. Nelson, of Alameda, said that Dowie managed to get the keys of his church and held one meeting there without permission, but he could not hold another there.

There is an old problem that "Curses, like chickens, come to roost," and it looks as though this defamer of Spiritualism was experiencing the truth of it. H.

## Liberal Society.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

The liberally disposed ladies of Salem have organized a Liberal Society. It will be managed exclusively by ladies, except when we want funds; then, of course, it would not be right to debar the gentlemen from assisting, or, in other words, going down into their pockets for all the cash they may find.

We voted for and elected our officers Sunday last, whose names are as follows: Mrs. Pierson for President, Mrs. M'Donald for Secretary, Mrs. Polly for Treasurer, Mrs. Norton for Manager of Music, Mrs. Holland for Outside Control. The first meeting will be held August 5th, as by that time we shall have the hall furnished. Hoping this will not require more space than you can spare, I remain,

Yours cordially,

Mrs. H. B. HOLLAND.

SALEM, Or., July 25, 1888.

John Jacob Astor in Spirit Life.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

The reference in the GOLDEN GATE to the lady of wealth and her possible spiritual condition, calls to mind what I saw and heard at the Eddy's in Vermont many years ago. At one of their circles, a materialized form appeared in fair light, and announced his name as John Jacob Astor, and among other things said, Although at one time he was considered wealthy, he now envied the condition of the beggar, who asked alms of him from the gutter. I asked him to explain why. His answer was, "Simply because I failed to make as good use of the talents entrusted to my care as did the beggar." Would that all could realize the truth and justice of that statement. D. S. MAYNARD.

Griefs are like the beings that endure them—the little ones are the most clamorous and noisy; those of older growth and greater magnitude are generally tranquil and sometimes silent.

Men are like trees; each one must put forth the leaf that is created in him. Education is only like good culture; it changes the size, but not the sort.—H. W. Beecher.

RED SEAL GRANULATED 98 PER CENT LYE OR POTASH.

SAN JOSE, April 5, 1888.

P. C. TOMSON, & Co., PHILADELPHIA.—I have made three experiments with your Red Seal Granulated 98 Per Cent Caustic Lye with the following results: First, I used twenty-seven cans of the Lye in twenty-seven gallons of water, and sprayed twenty-seven trees with this solution. At first it looked as if these trees were killed, but they have come out in full bloom and look strong and thrifty. I then changed and used one can to seven gallons of water, but found that this was a little too weak, and finally settled down to about five gallons of water to a can of the Lye, and this has completely destroyed all the scale. S. R. JOHNSON.

This 98 Per Cent Lye, it will be noticed, has only 2 per cent of salt, and as the soil on this Coast must have quite enough of salt already, it follows that all salt used is a positive injury not only to the trees, but also to the land. We are quite sure that Red Seal Granulated Lye will destroy all kinds of insects, and is the cheapest and best of anything that has ever yet been discovered. Call at your grocery store for Tomson's Red Seal Granulated 98 Per Cent Lye; or send two postage stamps to P. C. Tomson & Co., 248 North Third street, Philadelphia, and we will send you a book that will give you all the information that is known in regard to killing insects, and much more valuable information. ap14-6m

## FORM OF BEQUEST.

To those who may be disposed to contribute by will to the spread of the gospel of Spiritualism through the GOLDEN GATE, the following form of bequest is suggested:

"I give and bequeath to the GOLDEN GATE Printing and Publishing Company, of San Francisco, Incorporated, November 28th, 1885, in trust, for the use and dissemination of the cause of Spiritualism, — dollars."

## Cassadaga Lake Free Association.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

This Association convened, as advertised, on Saturday, July 21st, and the opening lecture was given by Walter Howell upon "The Golden Age." It was a fine picture of what the state of society might become under a less rigidly orthodox, and a more spiritual and humanitarian administration of human affairs.

Sunday, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond had a larger audience of attentive listeners to a discourse upon several topics, the main portion of it being reserved for the close, on "Occultism, Theosophy, and Spiritual Science." So clear was her elucidation and exposition of these subjects of ancient and modern times, that it seemed to cover the whole ground, and was summed up in the modern manifestations of "Spiritualism." Mr. Richmond was present, and took down the address stenographically, and it will be published in due time.

The hotel here is under good management, and a greater amount of building is being done than at any one season before, the dwellings being mostly substantial ones, some of them intended for permanent residences. Still, the sound of the hammer is being heard in all directions, and the summer birds flee from it to the tops of the pines, beeches, chestnuts, and oaks that are so abundant in all parts of the grounds, and there hold their morning matinee and evening vespers. The prickly nut-burr of the beach, the greenish-pink pod of the oak, and the yellow tassel of the chestnut, adorn these trees at this season.

The melody of the organ, accompanied by vocal music, floats up from the auditorium, where the children are practicing for the Lyceum entertainment.

At the Conference yesterday, Mrs. Richmond spoke earnestly of the necessity of "gathering in" the children. That they should be educated in spiritual methods of living, rather than the grossly material ones so long prevalent in the world, seems the merest common sense. Whether the exposure and display at evening entertainments is the method is questionable. Children who go to rest with the robin and are up with the lark, stand the fairest chance for health, in living closest to nature's laws.

Yesterday, the 25th, Dr. J. C. Street, the chairman, gave an address upon "Re-incarnation," but as that subject is too "occult" for any quotations, they will not be attempted. His work upon "The Hidden Way," or "Across the Threshold," will undoubtedly reveal it in full.

There is a young girl here who is blind, who is much interested in the labor question, and has been placed upon the platform to express her views. Walter Howell claims that she will become a fine inspirational genius. She thinks the present civilization should attempt the cure of poverty, forgetting that the "infallible" book states that "the poor ye have always with you," and that it has been droned and drawled into the ages in such a contented fashion, that it has been accepted as final by the orthodox world, who accept so many other matters as finalities.

There is a little illustration right out here, on the third-floor verandah, where the tops of the bearing beeches scarcely reach, of the many methods of making corners in oil, and wheat, and sugar, etc. A bloated monopolist has secured a large leaf on a top-most twig, well covered with green nuts, and there has proceeded to throw out a network of gauze over as many as his limited capacity could reach, and in so doing, has shut himself up to the narrow space inside his own net, where he will live and utterly perish, for he is good as dead already, and buried in his own selfishness.

All the leaves are withered and faded, and the nuts becoming worthless in that corner, yet it may be that he will hatch his own kind in the luxury that his sagacity has discovered, and thus spread the desolation and destruction of his tree of liberty. Yes, so early, on the opposite side, there is another corner in beech-nuts; and if the woodman of these grounds does not look well after that tree, we who have known and admired it, shall know it no more, forever.

What is the woodman doing, whom we have employed on a good salary to look after our national tree? He is burly enough to awe those monopolists that are imperiling the life of the nation; but the indications are that he is "hand and glove with them;" in fact, that, having secured the topmost branch, he is saying to others of his ilk: "Come up higher!"

O man, thou art truly but a worm of the dust, for there must be somewhere in the spacious grounds of Uncle Sam a competent woodman to lop him off in due time. Whether it be the junior Tippacano or eventually the Plumed Knight, remains to be seen.

Politics and personalities are forbidden inside our Auditorium; but as your scribe is happily outside, where there are no restrictions, if no glorifications, perhaps you will not object to "a little in yours!"

It may be a weak woman will be the one to stay and sway the swelling tide, like unto this little blind sister, as did the mother of a young materializing medium here, when a vain Peacock (with a big P) attempted to grab the first form that appeared. With a wave of her right arm,

she put him aside, saying, "No, none of that sort. I do not presume, myself, to go near the cabinet unless called." He was on the Committee, and should have stood upon his honor, however eager his selfish curiosity. He retired, discomfited and humiliated, to chew the cud of reflection as to how the medium was so securely tied, and where the various handwritings, including German, came from afterward.

The Van Auker medium, as he is termed, has hitherto claimed only a partial development, but so satisfactory have been their home manifestations, at Rochester, that, chaporoned, as one might say, by the venerable and venerated Army Post of anti-slavery fame, who is also known as the mother of Modern Spiritualism, from having been the first one to entertain the Fox girls at her house, they are encouraged to bring the medium here for the third time. That there are doubters and contempters and despisers goes without saying, but that there are various for a, especially as cabinet spirits, from a diminutive, dancing Chinaman to that of Sojourner Truth, several can and do vouch for, who have had a large experience. The latter is a frequent visitor to the dear old lady, and of late has materialized both black and white shawls or scarfs, and it is a curious and interesting process; for they do not come from "up the sleeve," but are sifted down gradually and lightly from between the two hands, at first appearing as the faintest gauze or lace, and indistinctly visible.

To-day Jennie B. Hagan was warmly welcomed to the platform, of whom more anon. LEWIS OLIVER.

JULY 26, 1888.

## Advice to Mothers.

Mrs. Winkler's MOTHERING WIFE—should always be used when children are out of bed. It relieves the little sufferer at once; it produces rest, quiet sleep by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to take. It soothes the child, soothes the nurse, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

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## NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

SOCIETY OF PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS meet every Sunday at 2 P. M., Washington Hall, 35 Eddy street. All are invited. Admission, free. The Library and Reading Room of the Society is located at 841 Market street, "Carrier Dove" office, and is open every week day from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.; also, Saturday evenings.

J. J. MORSE, TRANCE SPEAKER, OF ENGLAND, lectures every Sunday evening, at 3 P. M., in Washington Hall, No. 35 Eddy street, San Francisco. Admission, 10 cents. All communications to be directed to Mr. Morse, who is sole and responsible manager of the meetings.

METAPHYSICAL COLLEGE, 106 McALLISTER street. W. J. Colville's classes in Spiritual Science meet every Tuesday and Thursday at 10 A. M. and 8 P. M. Mrs. Wilson's class at 2:30 P. M. Mrs. Harris lectures on Theosophy every Sunday at 2:30 P. M.

UNION SPIRITUAL MEETING EVERY Wednesday evening, at St. Andrews' Hall, No. 111, Larkin street. Interesting addresses, followed by tests by the mediums. Admission, free.

FIRST PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUAL ASSOCIATION of Oakland, meets every Sunday at Fraternity Hall, corner of Seventh and Peralta streets. Meetings at 3 and 7:30 P. M.

THE SOCIETY FOR THEOSOPHICAL RESEARCH meets regularly every Friday evening at 106 McAllister street, at 7:30 sharp. Free library and free admission.

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(TITLE PAGE.)

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## From the Sun Angel Order of Light.

[Written for the Golden Gate, by Spirit J. H. Chase, one of the risen members of the Heaven-born Order of Light, through the Scribe of the Order, Mrs. E. S. Fox.]

Through the realms of space, could each brother and sister go with me, what think you would your emotions be? There arise many questions from the brain of mortals concerning the end and aim of material life. Where, think you, can satisfactory solution of these vexing questions be found, if not with those who can travel at will, or enjoy the tidal journeys so common with us in the other life?

Here in the higher spheres are temples of wisdom, where meet with the wisdom guides of our own planet, Earth, those of other planets, many of them unknown even in name by your astronomers. But we know they exist, know how to direct the course of our tidal ships to reach them; and when we have visited them, we forget not the scenes, or the people we there meet. These things are not dreams or fancies, but actual realities, as real as life itself, and as greatly to be enjoyed. For we see no wisdom in a life deprived of happiness; but we see folly, in the extreme, in trying to gain happiness in a life of selfishness—of care only for the material things, which so quickly perish, so soon you must leave.

This is why every risen member of our Order comes to you with the one burden to our song. We see, we know, that life is full of good, if you will only put forth the hand, and take its cup, as offered by those who have mastered evil and are powers for good. Why wonder and doubt, when those who have become masterful place in your hands the words of life, by heeding which, you may attain to the heights they have gained. There is truly great happiness for each one who rightly seeks it! Not in a life of ease, surrounded by all the heart can wish, but in a grand, noble life, filled with good deeds, filled with bright sunshine, which reacts upon others, making many lives bright, as well as our own.

We often look upon the rich in this world's goods, and from the depths of soul we pity them. For they need not call into action the noblest gifts nature has bestowed upon them, in order to gain that which gives a degree of happiness, but are permitted, through circumstances, to live quietly and easily, simply enjoying life as it comes to them, in a round and round routine, which reaches not out and on to grasp the Infinite, but settles complacently within itself, glad and happy to have been simply the petted child of fortune. Our hearts pity such, for the reaching out of soul longing for the bread of life is not there. They feel no hunger therefor, consequently know not what is lost.

The grand mission of human life to-day is being nobly fulfilled by those who must toil for their daily bread, who must struggle with the material, who may, with weary step and slow, mount the dizzy heights of spiritual unfoldment, urged on to greater attainments by the heart hunger which is the result of circumstances, such as the world at large may call adverse.

Brothers and sisters in the Order of Light, you who are longing continually for more light and knowledge, who are willing to make sacrifices, if thereby you may gain that for which your souls hunger and thirst, be glad you have been led, even through sorrow and trial, to the place where you were met by the wise ones, who love you now, even as they have loved you in ages past and gone. Think not the voices which now reach your heart are those of strangers before unknown. No, back through the ages may be traced the pathway your own feet have walked. Here and there you have met and known those who come to you with loving words and wise counsel.

Looking back o'er my own pathway, I find those to whom I felt strongly attracted while in earth land, had been friends in other incarnations, companions of other earth journeys. I have met, as have others, those from the unseen shore, towards whom I have felt a tender regard, as though they had borne a part in scenes where my life paths had run; but the problem puzzled me not a little. Now I understand, now the problem is solved, and I gladly return to tell to those who now see not, nor understand the truth concerning life and its realities, that I wonder not, for, with you, I have passed through my time of doubt and questioning.

But could you go with me into the spheres and return, you would each have your own story to tell, and these would be strangely alike. The wisdom guides would lead you into paths of peace and happiness. They are well fitted to be your teachers and guides, for experience has led them through shadowy vales and sunny places, where they have gleaned life's best lessons. The life toward which you journey opens bright and glorious to each one who feels the soul call echoed from the higher spheres. Grand as may have been the experience of the past, the future holds those more glorious still.

Saidie comes to bring peace and good will. She bears a heart of love for all children of the Infinite, but only a few are willing to accept and be led. The platform is broad, and would embrace all mankind, but knowledge finds lodging place in the hearts of the few. The work is great, but laborers few, was said long ago; does not this truly apply to the children of the present? Could I lead

you back into the past, what doors might not be opened before your wondering eyes.

Each unfolding soul has its own history; somewhere the records wait their questioning, ready to be given by those who have loved long ago, and who love still; for angels never forget, never lose sight of their loved ones, even as they are shrouded in the mists of earth-life, accepting its teachings, forgetting the while that other times, other experiences, claimed them as their own. There are those whose hearts whisper, "There have been other lives; there are many friends now forgotten, and yet not forgotten." And these whispers are no day dreams, no visionary fancies of the human brain; they are actual realities brought to knowledge of the spirit by its own, who roams the far away hills of the blest.

Happy are they who accept and understand; happy indeed they whose paths are lighted by the experience of others, which appeal to the highest reason, as truth, and can not be overthrown. Those who knew me at one center, know me still as the same one who met with them, sang with them as I do now. And yet I am not the same I thought myself, for I saw not the soul ties that really existed—not alone between myself and my mortal brothers and sisters, but with this: there is many a soul tie reaching back into eternities past and gone, linking my soul with those spirits who came to us in love, purity, from the land we call blest. Indeed it is a land blest by the Infinite, for here angels are our companions, wise ones our guides and teachers; and we roam at will the fields of the Infinite, going wherever attracted, working wherever we find a soul in need of the help we can give. We sound not the trumpet of fame before our coming, but we come silently and lovingly near the hearts of those we love, whispering peace to restless ones, and comfort to those who mourn.

Could each but know and understand wisely the end and aim of life, our work would prosper, and the Sun Angel Order of Light would be established all over our land. Time will bring much to hearts of humanity, and unfoldment will open the hearts of mankind to see the truth and live therein.

Accept the words of your brother, who not long since walked the shores of earth, and now, from his home of Light and Peace, comes, trying to point to each a pathway leading thereto. May angels bless you all.

J. B. FAYETTE, President and Corresponding Secretary of the Sun Angel Order of Light.

OSWEGO, N. Y., July 17, 1888.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

## True Relation of Spiritual Science to Life, as a Whole.

BY JOSEPHINE R. WILSON.

Spiritual science is the science of life. It is the philosopher's stone through which all things are revealed, and to understand this fundamental spiritual truth is to know the rock whereon we may build a temple dedicated to the living God. To know God is to know our own spiritual being. "The spirit of God hath made me, and the breath of the Almighty hath given me life," becomes clearly demonstrated to the student through spiritual science. The term spirit conveys to our mind the highest idea of Good, or God. To reveal the true qualities of God is to reflect love, truth and goodness.

Spiritual science turns the mind toward the immortal, eternal, principle, from whence all forms, signs and symbols, are shadowed forth as reflected expressions of the possibilities contained therein. It reveals man in God and God in man.

This science relates the mind to the truth, and the attribute once perceived, frees the soul from the sense-bound limitations, and light from spirit reflects its divine rays throughout the mind. A mind related to Good is a reflection from God. The true education must be a knowledge of the spiritual.

To know that spirit is life, and all true knowledge comes from spirit, brings all into the true realization, the real education, that will substand the three divisions of time—past, present and future. To educate the mind to the science of spirit is to become thoughts expressed that are related to the center of being and to all Good contained in the Infinite God.

By thus educating our thoughts to the clearly defined principles upon which Truth rests, we become the expression of the qualities contained in Truth, and health will reign where unhealthy conditions have long held us in bondage. To know that thought builds our body, and that a thought can reflect disease, or ease, will cause all to master the good thought and gain the Master's reward.

Spiritual science declares that All is mind, and the mind attuned to the Good, or God, will have no place or habitation for anything but Good. To change the mind to this channel will change and dispel sickness and disease, sorrow and death; for "All is Life" in the spiritual science of being.

PRISON WARDEN (to new convict):—"We assign men here to work with which they are familiar. So, if you have any special line, say so, and we will start you at once."

CONVICT (who can scarcely believe his ears):—"Thanks; I can't begin too soon. I'm an aeronaut."

## RULES FOR THE SPIRIT CIRCLE.

The Spirit Circle is the assembling together of a number of persons seeking communion with the spirits who have passed from earth to the world of souls. The chief advantage of such an assembly is the mutual impartation and reception of the combined magnetisms of the assemblage, which form a force stronger than that of an isolated subject—enabling spirits to commune with greater power and developing the latent gifts of mediumship.

The first conditions to be observed relate to the persons who compose the circle. These should be, as far as possible, of opposite temperament, as positive and negative; of moral characters, pure minds, and not marked by repulsive points of either physical or mental condition. No person suffering from disease, or of debilitated physique, should be present at any circle, unless it is formed expressly for healing purposes. I would recommend the number of the circle never to be less than three, or more than twelve. The best number is eight. No person of a strong positive temperament should be present, as any such magnetic spheres emanating from the circle will overpower that of the spirits, who must always be positive to the circle in order to produce phenomena.

Never let the apartment be over-heated; the room should be well ventilated. Avoid strong light, which, by producing motion in the atmosphere, disturbs the manifestations. A subdued light is the most favorable for spiritual magnetism.

I recommend the seance to be opened with prayer or a song sung in chorus, after which subdued, harmonizing conversation is better than wearisome silence; but let the conversation be directed toward the purpose of the gathering, and never sink into discussion or rise to emphasis. Always have a pencil and paper on the table, avoid entering or quitting the room, irrelevant conversation, or disturbances within or without the circle after the seance has commenced.

Do not admit unpunctual comers, nor suffer the air of the room to be disturbed after the sitting commences. Nothing but necessity, indisposition, or impressions, should warrant the disturbance of the sitting, which should never exceed two hours, unless an extension of time be solicited by the spirits.

Let the seance extend to one hour, even if no results are obtained; it sometimes requires that time for spirits to form their battery. Let it be also remembered that circles are experimental, hence no one should be discouraged if phenomena are not produced at the first sittings. Stay with the same circle for six sittings; if no phenomena are then produced, you may be sure you are not assimilated to each other; in that case, let the members meet with other persons until you succeed.

A well-developed test medium may sit with ut injury for any person, but a circle sitting for mutual development should never admit persons addicted to bad habits, strongly positive or dogmatical. A candid inquiring spirit is the only proper frame of mind in which to sit for phenomena, the delicate magnetism of which is made or marred as much by mental as physical conditions.

Impressions are the voices of spirits, or the monitions of the spirit within us, and should always be followed out, unless suggestive of wrong in act or word. At the opening of the circle, one or more are often impressed to change seats with others. One or more are impressed to withdraw, or a feeling of repulsion makes it painful to remain. Let these impressions be faithfully regarded, and pledge each other that no offense shall be taken by following impressions.

If a strong impression to write, speak, sing, dance, or gesticulate, possess any mind present, follow it out faithfully. It has a meaning if you can not at first realize it. Never feel hurt in your own person, nor ridicule your neighbor for any failures to express or discover the meaning of the spirit impressing you.

Spirit control is often deficient, and at first imperfect. By often yielding to it your organism becomes more flexible, and the spirit more experienced; and practice in control is necessary for spirits as well as mortals. If dark and evil-disposed spirits manifest to you, never drive them away, but always strive to elevate them, and treat them as you would mortals, under similar circumstances. Do not always attribute falsehoods to "lying spirits," or deceiving mediums. Many mistakes occur in the communion of which you can not always be aware.

Unless charged by spirits to do otherwise do not continue to hold sittings with the same parties for more than a twelvemonth. After that time, if not before, fresh elements of magnetism are essential. Some of the original circle should withdraw, and others take their places.

Never seek the spirit circle in a trivial or deceptive spirit. Then, and then only, have you cause to fear it.

Never permit any one to sit in circles who suffers from it in health or mind. Magnetism in the case of such persons is a drug, which operates perniciously, and should be carefully avoided.

Every seventh person can be a medium of some kind, and become developed through the judicious operations of the spirit circle. When once mediums are fully developed, the circle sometimes becomes injurious to them. When they feel this to be the case, let none be offended if they withdraw, and only use their gifts in other times and places.

All persons are subject to spirit influence and guidance, but only one in seven can so externalize this power as to become what is called a medium; and let it ever be remembered that trance speakers, no less than mediums for any other gift, can never be influenced by spirits far beyond their own normal capacity in the matter of the intelligence rendered, the magnetism of the spirits being but a quickening fire, which inspires the brain, and, like a hot-house process on plants, forces into prominence latent powers of the mind, but creates nothing. Even in the case of merely automatic speakers, writers, rappers, and other forms of test mediumship, the intelligence of the spirit is measurably shaped by the capacity and idiosyncrasies of the medium. All spirit power is limited in expression by the organism through which it works, and spirits may control, inspire, and influence the human mind, but do not change or re-create it.—Emma Hardinge-Britten.

Men do not make their homes unhappy because they have genius, but because they have not enough genius; a mind and sentiments of a higher order would render them capable of seeing and feeling all the beauty of domestic ties.—Wordsworth.

Owe not thy humility unto humiliation from adversity, but look humbly down in that state where others look upwards upon thee. Think not thy own shadow longer than that of others, nor delight to take the altitude of thyself.—Sir T. Browne.

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## Physical, Moral and Spiritual Health.

(Medium and Daybreak.)

[Mr. J. Armitage, of Bradford, asked for advice on "Moral Health," in a letter addressed to Mr. Anderson, Glasgow, when the following reply was written through him by his guide, "Colvin," spoken of in the "Scotch Number" of the Medium.]

There is a close connection between physical health and spiritual health, between physical diseases and mental and moral weakness, which may all be classed under disease. Health is that state in which all the organs of the human body perform their functions in the normal way, so that nutrition, as well as the animal and physical functions, is intact and natural. It consists in the power of resistance against all the different influences, such as climate, heat, cold, etc., which are apt to disturb the normal activity of the different organs.

True mental and moral health is that strength of principle and character which will enable man to withstand and control, by a superior will, the roused passions of his lower instinct. There can be no certain state of physical health kept up by avoidance of all those health disturbing influences we have mentioned. But this kind of health is not in reality actual health; it is like a hot-house plant which can only be kept alive by artificial means, but withers and dies when exposed to the rough and stormy winds of the open air. It is so also with mental and moral health: withdraw men from the world in order to keep off temptation, and such persons are the first to succumb the most easily when exposed to the world's temptations.

Men strengthen all their faculties by exercise; so men, as they time after time rise victorious over temptation, become able and stronger until at last they by self-discipline and self-control become masters over themselves. Man need not necessarily become the slave of all his animal instincts and passions, but he can and should be able to master and rise above them. Looking at man as a spiritual being, having that within which unites him to the Infinite, then we see his true normal state is when he has by repeated struggles arrived at true freedom, when the animal part of his nature is under the control of his higher and spiritual nature.

The work of the truly rational physician is to so train and fortify the constitution as to increase its powers of resistance against all disturbing influences. The work of the spiritual physician is to so aid and assist men, by showing them plainly the powers they possess, by so acting on their intellect and free will, and their sense of honor, as to make vice hateful and abominable to them. True, there are dangerous symptoms which may be suppressed or checked for some time by restraining influences, by resorting to force, but the disease itself can not be really cured in this way. There are many spiritual aids which men may exercise to help and strengthen them in this warfare between their higher and their lower selves, but there is none so helpful as that of prayer. By this means men receive strength, they attract to themselves the higher spiritual intelligences, they so open themselves to the divine influence that they are able to ward off all disturbing influences and temptations, and that which was before a desert or dreary forest, where wild beasts—the tiger and the leopard—inhabited, now becomes a fit dwelling place for angels.

## He Saw it in a Dream.

(Boston Globe.)

"Speaking about dreams, I can give you a true story of one I had once that left a lasting impression upon my mind," said David Whelton, the foreman of the Boston & Maine round-house, as a Globe reporter sat in the cozy office at Somerville the other night. The dream was as follows.

"Thirty-five years ago I was working for the Boston & Maine on the Reading section. The section foreman, with whom I boarded, was my uncle, Tim Canty, who holds the same position. There were two other men in the gang, one of whom, Patrick Burns, is still alive in Reading, and will join with my uncle in vouching for the truth of my story.

"One night, after finishing my day's work, I retired as usual, and in my sleep had the following dream: I thought I had arisen the following morning, and while we were going to the place where we were to make some repairs in the track, on a curve about a mile and a half beyond Reading, we came upon a passenger train in the ditch. I remember how vividly the whole scene came before me, and how we at once went to work digging the dead and wounded out of the wreck and piling them up on the hand-car, and carrying them to the village.

"On awakening I arose and told my aunt what an impression the dream had made upon me. She laughed and told me it was unlucky to tell a dream before breakfast. I then went into the yard and told it to my uncle, and on going to work told it to the other section hands and expressed my opinion that the dream was a presentiment of evil, but they pooh-poohed it until we came to the curve I saw in my dream, when, on rounding it, what was our surprise to find a wreck just as I had dreamed of.

"A passenger train, drawn by the engine Hinckley, No. 19, with Joseph Langley, engineer, and Daniel Smart, con-

ductor, lay in the ditch. The train consisted of four passenger cars and a baggage car. There were no smoking cars in those days, and the baggage car was filled with laborers going to their work. This car was turned completely over, and the heavy flooring and trucks had pinned many of the men down, killing some and injuring others severely. I at once went back for doctors, and the rest went to work digging out the injured and piling them on the hand-car, exactly as in my dream.

"The immediate fulfilling of my dream caused a great sensation, and, as I had related it in detail to a number before we went to work, no doubt could be raised in the minds of any as to the truth of the story."

Mr. Whelton has been at work on the Boston and Maine for about thirty-five years, with the exception of about two years during the war, when he was in the cavalry service. He has charge of over fifty engines, and oversees about a dozen men. He is one of the most trusted on the road, and all who come in contact with him testify as to the confidence which can be placed in his veracity. The dream had made such an impression on him that he is a firm believer in the reliability of dreams in general. He can be seen any evening at the round-house, where he and Mr. Higgins, who has general charge of affairs, show every courtesy to visitors.

## Spirit Aid in Time of Sickness.

(J. P. Miley, in Religio-Philosophical Journal.)

A few years ago my wife was taken suddenly and dangerously ill. I and my daughter were waiting on her, one at a time; when my turn came my daughter said, "Ma would not take the last powder; they did her more harm than good." It was night, and two miles to the doctor. I readily saw she was right—the medicine was not having the desired effect. I thought of invoking assistance from my spirit friends to summon aid to relieve my sick wife. While I was sitting thus in a kind of reverie, my wife asked me, "Where have those folks gone?" She described several persons (spirits) we were well acquainted with, who passed over a few years ago; one of them she could not see clear enough to recognize. She thought it was our spirit daughter. (The very one I had sought for help.) My wife said they held a consultation around her bed but she could not understand what they were saying. She was impressed that she should take water that a live coal of fire was dropped in every few minutes. I gave her that and she became better at once; her stomach became quiet, the vomiting ceased, and she improved from that time without any more medicine.

Now, does not this prove that if, in time of need, we earnestly pray for the help of our nearest and dearest spirit friends, they will at once respond and if possible help us? An orthodox might have called upon Jesus Christ, and still some spirit friend might have personated the Nazarene and given the necessary aid.

## Extracts.

(Laurence Oliphant's "Scientific Religion.")

It would not be right for any man desiring to know whether this inspiration (that I expound) is true or not, to begin by believing it, after the manner of the churches; no belief can stand, in these days, that is not based upon the evidence of personal experience.

Error is only dangerous when it is aggressive; and to meet error of this description, when one is convinced by one's own personal experience that it is error, a certain attitude of aggression seems to be imposed on one; but it is consistent with an entire tolerance and charity for individuals, and is, in fact, only applicable to those who are thoroughly honest and in earnest, even if their earnestness be misdirected.

Though dogmas crumble away one after another, and the dry rot of ecclesiasticism becomes daily more apparent, the religious instinct is more quickened than ever.

A spiritual wave is now rolling in upon the world of a character unprecedented in its past history; it is daily gathering force, and is already crest-high. Before very long it will break.

A crisis is imminent—anticipated by every form of religion. It will be a moral rather than a physical crisis. . . . It will sweep away the present ecclesiasticisms, and substitute for them a religion in which there shall be "one body and many members."

In a word, it will be a psychical, rather than a physical conflict; though I do not mean to say that the ordinary weapons of so-called "civilized warfare" will not be called into requisition.

Many have received, and are receiving, accession of the spiritual potency which shall enable them to engage in this warfare, without any due conception of its nature.

All revelation which proceeds from the invisible must be relative in value; all inspiration imperfect.

Voltaire says: "That ever the whole globe was at one time totally overflowed with water, is physically impossible. The sea may have covered all parts successively, and this could only be in a gradation so very slow as to take up a prodigious number of ages. That the water

at the one and the same time covered the whole earth, is a physical absurdity which the laws of gravitation, as well as those of fluids, demonstrate to be impossible."

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## The World's Need.

It is not in the thunderbolt alone  
God speaks to man;  
Not in the fury of the winds and waves  
His ways we scan:

Not in the dread volcano, burning forth  
Vials of wrath—  
Making earth tremble, while destruction runs  
Walks in his path!

But in the still, small voice, as soft and low  
As morning's first  
Or like the fluttering of an angel's robe  
When all is still.

And speaking thus: "My kingdom is the world;  
There's work to do;  
The fields are white, the harvest truly great,  
The laborers few.

Sin, sorrow, suffering on every hand  
Around us lurk;  
The heavenly kingdom cannot come except  
Through faith and works.

Then, clothed in patient meekness, go thou forth  
To bless mankind—  
Help those in want, and those in pain relieve,  
And guide the blind:

Lift up the fallen; speak to them as Christ  
Spoke once to Peter:  
"Neither do I condemn thee; go in peace,  
And sin no more."

Minister to the helpless, and the weak  
And faltering lead;  
Pour out the Balm of Gilead, freely give,  
For all have need—

Need of encouragement and sympathy  
In their distress,  
Need of a steadfast friend on which to lean  
In loneliness.

For lesser than the shivering vulture is  
The cooling dove;  
Better than hatred, malice or the sword,  
Is human love."

Thus saith the spirit; who hath ears to hear,  
Turn not away,  
But let your light shine bright until the dawn  
Of perfect day.

So should all live, and soon all wars would cease  
And strife be o'er;  
The weary world needs tenderness and peace  
Forevermore.

## Duty.

For many years close at her side I walked,  
Unquestioning I owned her rightful power;  
Of her behests at morn and eve we talked,  
Or took sad counsel at the midnight hour.

I dreamed of other paths more fair and wide,  
Of other, nobler work I might have done;  
Still with firm hand she held me at her side,  
Still in the hard right path she led me on.

Till sometimes, wearied by the stern command  
She laid on me, the flesh and spirit tried  
By her denials and by her demands,  
Against them all in bitterness I cried:

Depart from me, oh Duty, let me go,  
Freed from your bondage, on my chosen way;  
Unfettered and untrammelled let me know  
An utter freedom henceforth from this day.

For I am tired of every useful task,  
And, slipping off the yoke of every care,  
I fain would be as one whom none may ask  
Why I do this or that, go here or there.

Let me be free to seek the path in which  
So sadly long I've seen Love waiting stand;  
Let me be free to gather in the rich  
Wide fields of fame whose harvest waits my hand.

There came a day—heart, hand and brain were free  
From service that so long had been their share;  
O, sad, strange day, in which there fell on me  
The endless sorrow of an answered prayer.

Now, if in any dear eyes I could see  
Such smiles as those that once did glorify  
A loving, grateful face there would not be  
A woman in the world so glad as I.

If anywhere in all my world was one  
Who held, as then, no ministering so sweet  
And dear as mine, how gladly would I run  
To lay the utmost service at her feet.

This know I now at last all doubt beyond:  
Though love is sweet, though faith hath gracious meed,  
Who doth rebel 'gainst duty's sacred bond,  
He knoweth not his own soul's deepest need.

Reveal thyself, oh Duty, unto all  
My brothers and my sisters! Let them see  
How they alone are blest who heed thy call,  
How they walk life's best path who walk with thee.

## The Prodigal Daughter.

To the home of his father returning,  
The Prodigal, weary and worn,  
Is greeted with joy and thanksgiving,  
As when on his first natal morn.  
A "robe" and a "ring" is his portion,  
The servants as suppliants bow.  
He is clad in fine linen and purple,  
In return for his penitent vow.

But, ah! for the Prodigal Daughter  
Who has wandered away from her home,  
Her feet must still press the dark valley,  
And through the wild wilderness roam.  
Alone on the bleak, barren mountains—  
The mountains so dreary and cold—  
No hand is outstretched in fond pity  
To welcome her back to the fold.

But thanks to the Shepherd, whose mercy  
Still follows his sheep, though they stray,  
The weakest, and even the forsaken,  
He bears in his bosom away.

And in the bright mansions of glory,  
Which the blood of his sacrifice won,  
There is room for the Prodigal Daughter,  
As well as for the Prodigal Son.

—New York Graphic.

## What Matter?

What matters it all! what matter!  
What is it to live or die?  
The sun comes up and the wind goes down,  
And the stars fade out of the sky,  
And now is the "by and by."

What matters it all! what matter!  
Whatever must be, will be;  
The sun goes down and the wind comes up,  
And the stars shine over the sea,  
All time is for you and me.

—MAJOR MORRIS, in "Golden Era."

"Why make we moan  
For loss that doth enrich us yet  
With upward yearnings of regret?  
As thrills of long-buried time  
Live in the soul, so our souls grow fine  
With keen vibrations from the touch divine  
Of noble natures gone."

[Writes for the Golden Gate.]

## The Bible in the Public Schools.

"Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee,  
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, where are they?  
Thy waters wasted them while they were free;  
And many a tyrant since their realms obey  
The stranger, slave, and savage."

Tadmor, Palmyra, Sidon, Ninevah,  
Tyre, all overwhelmed by the surging  
waves of barbarism—those beautiful  
cities, whose ruins are imperishable  
monuments of the highest art, silent witnesses  
of the existence, in those forgotten ages,  
of a higher civilization, whose nuclei,  
like the spots on the face of the sun sur-  
rounded by a seething mass, are over-  
whelmed, and ultimately disappear for-  
ever; while the more recent centers of  
civilization, protected by the powers of  
art and science, are enabled to resist the  
inroads of barbarism and to preserve their  
integrity from the raids of the destructive  
elements still abounding.

I have stood upon the summit of Pom-  
pey's pillar; I have wandered among the  
ruins of Antioch, and on the banks of  
the Arontes; and here asked myself,  
Whence all this desolation? Wars!  
eternal wars! Answer me. Is destruc-  
tion then part of the economy of nature?  
Is war a divine institution? The Bible  
says it is. From Genesis to Revelations,  
we have a history of continual conflict,  
mostly at the instance of the Lord, who  
appears to have had a special antipathy  
to "walled cities." "To your tents, O  
Israel!" was the signal for indiscriminate  
slaughter, rapine, rape, and robbery.

"And the Lord smote Benjamin before  
Israel." "Also they set on fire all the  
cities that they came to." *Vide* Judges  
xx. No wonder we find so many ruins  
where Jehovah set the example and in-  
cited the slaughter, and in some cases  
superintended the whole affair himself;  
for instance, as related in Genesis xviii.,  
where, after feasting on veal cutlets with  
Abraham, he starts off on a quick walk to  
destroy Sodom, in spite of, and notwith-  
standing the humane pleadings of Abra-  
ham for mercy to the doomed city, wherein  
he uses these words: "Is it right to slay  
the righteous with the wicked? Shall not  
the Judge of all the world do right?"

But the pleadings of the humane heart  
fell like snowflakes on the adamant soul  
of Deity! "And the Lord went his  
way." Thus it would appear that not  
any of the tribes of northern barbarians,  
—the Goths, the Huns, and the Vandals  
—were ever guilty of greater vandalism  
than the Jewish Jehovah and his chosen  
people. "Thou shalt slay them utterly,  
man and beast, and every woman that  
has lain by man."

The Lord utterly disliked children, yet  
it is this book of abominable records that  
the clergy of all sects, with some enlight-  
ened exceptions, are now trying to force  
upon the public schools as fit reading for  
our children. Take the last two chapters  
of Judges as sample chapters,—the whole  
tribe of Benjamin annihilated except a few  
hundred; Jabbeth-gilead slaughtered to  
supply virgins to the "gallant six hun-  
dred." another lot of virgins raped from  
Shiloh to make up the deficit; all the cities  
and inhabitants of both tribes, men, wo-  
men, and little children, burnt and de-  
stroyed! Charming reading! which the  
Rev. Charles Blake and his fellow priests  
propose to make "compulsory" in the  
public schools.

The code of the Ten Commandments  
is paraded as the code of codes; while  
"Thou shalt not kill" is modified in the  
succeeding chapters into "slay utterly,"  
"Thou shalt surely smite the inhabitants  
of that city with the edge of the sword,  
destroy it utterly, and all that is therein,  
and the cattle," etc.; "thy brother, the  
son of thy mother, thy son, thy daughter,  
the wife of thy bosom, or thy friend; thine  
eye shall not pity him; thou shalt surely  
kill him," etc. See Deuteronomy xii.  
and xiii., for this striking commentary  
on the commandment, "Thou shalt not kill,"  
and for a modification of the order, "Thou  
shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife," read  
in Judges and many other passages,  
"Thou shalt steal thy neighbors' virgins."

Surely if the Lord wrote the Ten Com-  
mandments, Moloch or Satan must have  
ordered the subsequent slaughters. But  
may we not in the light of Modern Spiritu-  
alism conceive that the spirit mistaken  
by Moses for the Deity was in fact a  
vindictive priest like himself; and so also  
throughout the Bible writings various  
priests who were probably more or less  
mediumistic, were controlled by various  
spirits more or less developed; some of  
them somewhat refined, and some of  
them more or less blood-thirsty and  
devilish in their proclivities; some cruel,  
some gentle, some superstitious and igno-  
rant, whose atrocious teaching our priests  
now seek to force upon our American  
youth, simply for the purpose of forcing  
their ungodly selves into power and pos-  
sion. One notable exception is that of  
Dr. Harcourt who truly says "that with  
our form of government, and the equality  
of all religions before the law, the public  
education must not be trammelled by any  
religious partialities whatever. Religious  
training must be left to the family," etc.;  
hence, no prayers, no Bibles in public  
schools. (For a synopsis of this excellent  
lecture see *Call*, July 23d, also July 24th),  
the reply from Hon. I. Morgan to  
criticisms on his remarks concerning the  
Catholic attack upon the common school  
system, stigmatized as the Godless schools,  
also the Rev. Stebbins' puerile, non-  
committal remarks.

Surely, it is inconceivable that in this  
era of science and intellectual develop-  
ment the self-constituted teachers of the  
Christian world should denounce and ob-  
struct all efforts to lift the human mind  
to an elevated conception of the Great  
Central Power of the universe. By what  
process of ratiocination can the same  
mind that contemplates the vast and  
beneficent system of the universe, with its  
millions of revolving worlds, its infinite  
varieties of forms, its countless and daz-  
zling beauties, invest its author with cruel,  
capricious or trifling instincts, rather than  
with the highest attributes we can conceive  
in connection with power? Power invested  
with tranquility. How can any mind con-  
ceive the Lord of countless systems con-  
cerning Himself about a priest's breeches,  
or consigning to national degradation and  
misery, nations incited by himself to fol-  
low war in the wantonness of pride,  
greed and vanity? Yet these are the  
crimes the Bible teaches as authorized by  
the Most High! To be sure, the New  
Testament is reverently quoted as an evi-  
dence of inspiration, but is it not in fact  
an apology for the cruel and unmerited  
death of an innocent being done to ap-  
pease the wicked wrath of a suppositious  
Father, which, if true, is immoral, and if  
not true, is pernicious myth? Under  
such teachings, teachings that justify  
treachery "to the wife of thy bosom,"  
death to the friend of thy youth, what  
else than the rule of force and of cruelty  
can prevail?

But the day of true knowledge has  
dawned with the advent of Spiritualism,  
and our true relation to the universe and  
its author is revealed, provided it be not  
obscured by mythical parasites as ob-  
noxious as the superstitions which have  
obscured and destroyed the pure teachings  
of Jesus. Under the pure science of  
Spiritualism our position in the universe  
becomes a definite part of a definite sys-  
tem, and the Deity Himself the Chief  
of science and not of Biblical caprice. How,  
then, in the name of all that is rational,  
can the student of astronomy, of geology,  
and the sister sciences, confuse his brain  
with the Biblical instruction of Moses  
that the earth was created the first day,  
while its parent, the sun, was created four  
days after the child? And how can the  
study of morality be taught that it is not  
only wicked, but unphilosophical, to in-  
jure another, and then in his Bible lesson  
be told that it was righteous to slay and  
destroy unbelievers in Judaism.

The fact is, in all ages the priesthood  
have incited war; they were frequently  
the leaders in battles, and after blessing  
the implements of butchery in the hands  
of their ignorant followers, they led the  
hosts of the Lord to butchery and plunder.  
"Thou shalt not murder; thou shalt not  
steal, except when I order you. Go up  
against Ramoth Gilead to battle, and I  
will deliver him into thy hand." Some-  
times, however, the chosen people got  
woefully left, as in the Assyrian case,  
when the Lord left them in the lurch,  
and the heathen carried them off to  
Babylon, where the "chosen" had to  
hang their harps on the willow for a con-  
siderable period; but had the battle gone  
the other way, the "chosen" would have  
had no prisoners to carry into captivity;  
for under the tender mercies of the Lord  
and his priests every soul of them would  
have been "hewn down in Gilgal." The  
"chosen" filibusters of the Holy Land  
never encumbered themselves with prison-  
ers; they did not have even a Libby, or  
an Andersonville; the Lord's policy was  
extermination, only mercy was ever  
censured.

Will the reverend gentlemen rise and  
explain which chapters in the Bible they  
would expound to the rising generation  
that can be reconciled with our ideas of  
human justice? A. Y. E.

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I have received a very marvelous spirit picture, by in-  
dependent drawing, through the mediumship of Dr.  
Rogers, when there was no picture of her existing. We  
have also seen written testimonials from others who have  
received recognizable pictures, under similar conditions  
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counterfeited.

Beware of Imitations.

INSIST upon Dobbins' Electric. Don't take Mag-  
netic, Electro-Magic, Philadelphia Electric, or any  
other brand, simply because it is cheap. They will ruin  
clothes, and are dear at any price. Ask for

—DOBBINS' ELECTRIC!—

And take no other. Nearly every grocer from Maine to  
Mexico keeps it in stock. If yours hasn't it, he will order  
from his nearest wholesale grocer.

READ carefully the inside wrapper around each bar,  
and be careful to follow directions on each  
outside wrapper. You can not afford to wait long  
before trying for yourself this old, reliable, and truly won-  
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Dobbins' \* Electric \* Soap.

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## MERCHANT -:- TAILORS!

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The Best Stock that can be found in the market. Will  
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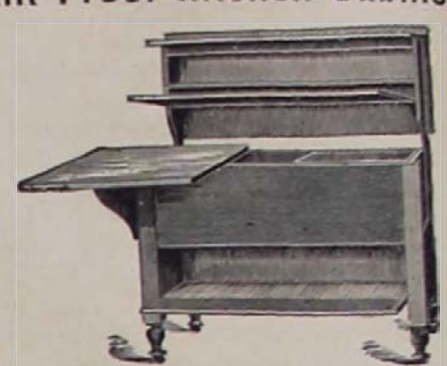
Our motto will be: "Fair Deal ing."

may 10

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## Ant-Proof Kitchen Cabinet



For FLOUR AND MEAL, and all  
Utensils Used in Mixing  
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The Best Invention yet Patented for  
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Send us your orders and we will pre-pay freight to points  
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County, Rights for sale from \$50 to \$100. Agents Wanted.

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## THE PSYCHOGRAPH

—OR—

## Dial -:- Planchette!

This instrument has now been thoroughly tested by co-  
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the planchette, both in regard to the certainty and cor-  
rectness of the communications, and as a means of developing  
mediumship. Many who were not aware of their medium-  
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Capt. D. B. Edwards, Orient, N. Y., writes:  
"I had communications (by the Psychograph) from many  
other friends, even from the old settlers whose grave-stones  
are moss-grown in the old yard. They have been highly  
satisfactory, and proved to me that Spiritualism is indeed  
true, and the communications have given me heart the great-  
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and their mother."

Dr. Eugene Crowell, whose writings have made his name  
familiar to those interested in psychical matters, wrote as  
follows:

DEAR SIR: I am much pleased with the Psychograph  
you sent me, and will thoroughly test it the first opportunity  
I may have. It is very simple in principle and construction,  
and I am sure must be far more sensitive to spirit power  
than the one now in use. I believe it will generally super-  
cede the latter when its superior merits become known.

A. P. Miller, journalist and poet, in an editorial notice  
of the instrument in his paper, the *Worthington* (Minn.) "Ad-  
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"The Psychograph is an improvement upon the planchette,  
having a dial and letters, with a few words, so that very little  
"power" is apparently required to give the communications.  
We do not hesitate to recommend it to all who care to test  
the question whether spirits can return and communicate."

Price, \$1., postage free.

HUDSON TUTTLE,

BERLIN HEIGHTS, OHIO.

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Magnetized

## DEVELOPING -:- SLATES!

FRED EVANS,

—THE—

WONDERFUL

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Slate-Writer!

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Has been instructed

by his guides to an-  
nounce to his friends  
and the public, that he  
is prepared, through his guides, to develop any mediumistic  
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Persons residing at a distance can send for Mr. Evans'  
MAGNETIZED DEVELOPING SLATES with instructions of  
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MR. EVANS leaves for Australia August 15th. Par-  
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SAN FRANCISCO, : CALIFORNIA.

Authorized Capital, \$1,000,000.

In 10,000 Shares of \$100 each.

CAPITAL PAID UP IN GOLD COIN,

\$624,160.

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